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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

\*Please address your letters to the Editors, SPUTNIK Magazine, 2, Pashkin Square, Moscow, USSR.

*When I first subscribed to SPUTNIK, it was just due to a curiosity to see what a Soviet digest-magazine looks and reads like—a somewhat passing fancy. I received my first copy only a few days ago. Little did I expect that I would be so richly rewarded for my fancy—a very pleasant surprise. Thank you for bringing out such an outstanding collection on a monthly basis.*

Nath R. C. Lokendra,  
Calcutta, India

*May I present a few suggestions in order to perhaps help you to get increasing acceptance among Brazilian readers? More reports on great Russian and Soviet personalities. Create a permanent humour section, in which to-day's and yesterday's humorists are introduced to us. Tell us about the Soviet people's entertainments.*

Carlos A. de Paula,  
São Paulo, Brazil

*Moscow Meridian is especially good, and I am looking forward to some biographies.*

(Mrs.) M. Maradian,  
Tehran, Iran

*I am sorry to say that I am not as impressed with your writing as I am with your photography, but I suppose it is inevitable that your articles suffer after being condensed and translated.*

*As an aspiring artist, I am most interested in your fine action photographs, several of which I have used as subjects for my work. I have found SPUTNIK a wonderful source of subject matter. One of the photos I used was a pair of wrestlers I cut a monochrome woodblock and entered one of the prints in a national art show, where it was awarded a first place ribbon.*

*I have enclosed one of the prints with this letter.*

Dick Jorgensen,  
Ouray, Colorado, USA

\*Mr. Jorgensen's print is reproduced on page 96.

*The best number, I believe, is the one for July, 1967, with Georgia and the Kremlin, and the photograph I find most pleasing is the last one showing a display of flowers with the Kremlin in the background: it is of enchanting taste.*

*I am worried as to whether this, the best digest ever, is going to keep up to its standard of quality.*

Count F. de Carson,  
London, England

Continued on page 96

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

*And let's shake hands on it.*



*What's it doing?—No, we'll tell you. You certainly won't guess. It's dredging for diamonds in the icy (but rewarding) waters of a tundra river.*

*A news picture (one of many) from the pages of*

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*Igor Buzik:  
"There were  
nine hours to think,  
nine hours  
of suspense"*

## NINE HOURS OF SUSPENSE

*from Moskovskaya Pravda*

**A**IRMEN are fond of telling tall stories. "Once the engine cut out and I had to land on a cloud. I climbed out, took out a spanner, fixed the trouble in no time, and took off again." That sort of thing.

Recently Igor Buzik, captain of a TU-114 air-liner, wished it could be so simple.

He was just taking off from Khabarovsk for the 5,000-mile flight to Moscow with 170 passengers, and had travelled about 1,500 yards

down the runway when the plane suddenly lurched to the right. He regained control immediately, however, and took off. Seconds later a message came over the radio: "Your starboard landing gear is on fire."

The flight engineer reported shortly after: "Three tyres on the starboard undercarriage have burned off, but there's no fire."

The plane was climbing steadily and gaining speed. Ground control was asking what Buzik intended to do. "Your decision?" the radio demanded. But it was hard to decide on the instant. An immediate emergency landing? The "leg" was badly damaged, landing was risky.

He listened to the sound of the four engines, checked the instruments, and ordered the engineer to retract the undercarriage.

Bare wheel drums disappeared into the housing. After checking that there was no more damage, Buzik briefly consulted his crew, and radioed Khabarovsk ground control: "We continue the flight."

There were nine hours of flying ahead. Nine hours to think. Nine hours of suspense.

The passengers were unaware of the danger. Some were dozing, others reading. The air-hostesses served meals as usual. One passenger had actually seen the tyres burn off, but he said nothing.

Ahead at Domodedovo Airport, outside Moscow, preparations were being made for the landing. Tension mounted. Buzik thought of his wife Dina—she worked there. She would

certainly have been told of his trouble, and would be waiting.

At last the airfield was in sight, with red fire engines and white ambulances at the ready. Buzik circled the field, to use up his fuel and minimize the danger of an explosion if they crashed.

The heavy aircraft had to be landed on two "legs" instead of three. And if the damaged undercarriage or a wing touched the runway at high speed the plane might catch fire and explode.

Buzik began the run-in to land, putting the plane into a slight left bank. The nose wheel and the port undercarriage touched down smoothly, and the pilot did his utmost to hold the aircraft in this attitude. Failure meant that the damaged starboard wheels would scrape the concrete, the plane would slow round, and that would be that.

Speed dropped. Buzik could no longer maintain the plane's balance. Then he found his solution, and shut off the outside port engine. They lost speed steadily, finally the naked wheels touched the concrete and sparks flew.

The TU-114 moved convulsively in, like a gigantic wounded bird, and stopped. The passengers disembarked, saw the damaged undercarriage, and only then realized the danger they had been in.

Captain Buzik was the last to leave the air-liner. There was Dina. As Igor gently freed himself from her embrace, there too was Andrei Tupolev, designer of the plane, to congratulate him.

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# SUPER MAN

from the newspaper *Soviet Sport*

Ivan Poddubni, a dockerman, was known in professional wrestling as a champion of champions. In Russia, his name became a synonym for strength, determination and audacity.

Seventy years ago, when he was 26, he was introduced in the arena of a small circus in Sevastopol on the Black Sea simply as: "Ivan Poddubni—the young Russian wrestler."

The first part of his career was spent in provincial towns. Then, in 1903, he was invited to participate in bouts at the Athletic Society in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). From there he went on to the professional world championship in France, with 11 victories and only one defeat, at the hands of the Frenchman Raoul de Boucher. He returned to Paris in 1905, and on that occasion won the world title.

Ivan Poddubni performed in the circus for 40 years; and wrestling at 65 under any conditions is a feat in itself. He not only wrestled in all the major towns in Russia, but made

triumphal appearances in fourteen countries on four continents.

Poddubni's successes are usually ascribed to exceptional strength. There is little concrete evidence of this, for the wrestler did not like to show off his prowess. In 1904 he chalked up a world record, jerking a 120-kg bar-bell up to his biceps, in a single movement. He played around easily with 62-kg dumb-bells right up to his last days in the arena.

He was not a scientific wrestler but he had certain holds and tricks which he could use to advantage.

Poddubni considered he was in peak form in 1908-1912, when he was just under 40. His height measurements were: 6 feet  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches, weight 18 stone 8, chest—52.8 in., neck—18.9 in., shoulder—16.9 in., forearm—14.2 in., wrist—8.3 in., thigh—26.8 in., shin—17.3 in.

He died in 1949 at the age of 78. In 1962 the Soviet Union instituted in his honour the Poddubni Tournament, open to wrestlers from abroad.

# BEAUTY IN A GLASS

by Maya ROZANOVA  
from the magazine *DEKORATIVNOYE ISKUSSTVO V SSSR* (*Decorative Arts in the USSR*)

On display at the Moscow Museum of History there is a sort of glass-maker's joke—an outsized wineglass on a slender stem. At the end of the 17th century, or the beginning of the 18th, it may have been used for punch.

Billowing out above the goblet is a fabulous beast with the head of a ram, the tail of a bird, and a willow waist. To drink the wine, you had to



Hand-painted bottles by Tat'yana Mairina



press your mouth against the beast's, and draw the liquid out, and the transparent body filled with the thick "blood" of the wine in the process.

There would be a riot of colour and form at the feast—good and wicked spirits of the wine, birds, dragons and devils, all emerging from the goblets, giving the gathering the glamour of a fairy tale—after all, Russian fairy tales usually wind up in a feast of good cheer.

In the same vein, the punch-bowl or decanter, centre-piece and fount of table-talk, was also highly decorative, and it is a pity that the tradition of the hand-painted, four-sided decanter is lost, ousted by the standard bottle with its standard label.

In the late 19th century, Elizaveta Bozhm designed a wine drinking set decorated with motifs borrowed from old Russian glassware. The green glass decanter copied the traditional four-sided shape, and was ornamented with motley coloured playful imps and humorous in-

scriptions in flourishing script. But the design in this one venture was a little too sentimental and sugary to be successful and the set has remained an outlandish curio for the antique dealer.

Recently, hand-painted bottles appeared at an exhibition of work done by Tatyana Mavrina, book illustrator and painter. Few in number, at first sight they seemed no more than a curiosity, so unexpected was this popular artist's digression into the applied arts.

There were a number of reasons why Tatyana Mavrina was attracted to this kind of work. It was a new medium for her brush. Glass is smooth, the brush glides easily across it and it has its own colour, bottle green. Furthermore, it is translucent, a point in its favour compared with paper, and thus provides several backgrounds.

*Carved board (right) and basket of birch bark from Tatyana Mavrina's collection of handicrafts*



Thirdly, the artist is not restricted to the size and proportions of the printed page or to the style and demands of polygraphy.

Finally, she was enchanted by the opportunity provided for a circular composition of those traditional figures in Russian tales—the fox, hare and cockerel. Again and again the trio is repeated, an endless merry-go-round, a tipsy splurge of scene and episode.

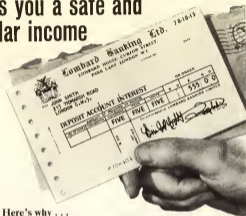
The artist might to this day have restricted herself to the elegant illustration of European literature, remaining a prominent figure in Soviet graphic art. But she came from Nizhny Novgorod.

This central Russian city (today called Gorky) on the Volga is noted for its distinctive, colourful folk-art style. No surface is left unadorned. Doors, sideboards, trays, bottles, everything in sight, is painted, everything is bright and curlicued.

Tatyana Mavrina's hobby, not surprisingly, is collecting folk art. Indeed, her collection of handicrafts is so closely related to her own work that it is hard to distinguish between the two. Her eye cannot accept an unornamented plane. She is the descendant of those folk artists who painted the old, crudely decorated broadsheets, who produced a naïve crudity of form, outwardly akin to a child's drawing.

The tradition goes back to folk carving, to the painting of distaffs. Her images, large-headed and squat, spring from the backbone of the Russian fairy tale, invariably crude and unvarnished.

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## DON'T BLAME THE MOON

by Lev SUKHAREVSKY, M.D.  
from PRAVDA

A frantic mother brought her 10-year-old son to the children's clinic. "There's something wrong with the boy. He's talking in his sleep. Sometimes he sits up in bed and even walks about the room. His eyes are open but he doesn't see a thing."

The boy had all the symptoms of somnambulism—a rather complicated disorder. Before describing the treatment the boy was given, I would like to say something about the disease itself.

Ilya Mechnikov, the Russian physiologist, demonstrated that the human body, while continuing to improve and develop, retains a number of vestigial organs and latent instincts—something inherited from the anthropoid ape, our remote ancestor. According to Mechnikov, sleepwalking—or in the scientific term, somnambulism—is one of these manifestations.

Attacks of this disease should be

regarded as disorders of sleep, and they may be concurrent with a number of other troubles, such as hysteria and epilepsy.

There are different forms of somnambulism. In some cases the afflicted person tries to do something without getting out of bed; in others he walks about the house and even performs quite intelligent acts: he may cook something, tidy the room, and so on. On awaking, he has no recollection of what he has done, and is amazed when he sees the results of his nightly toil. He asks the other members of the family to explain what it means but they know nothing. How many wonderful stories about "kind hobgoblins" have originated in this way?

There are sleepwalkers who feel cramped in their homes. They walk out into the street or climb through the window, and often perform real gymnastic feats—walking on the

edge of the roof or climbing high walls. How are these things to be explained scientifically? What is peculiar about somnambulists when they sleep is that against the general background of the quiescent, inhibited cerebral cortex, certain regions of the brain which control movement are set free and become excited. This accounts for automatic actions being performed without control by the higher centres of the brain.

People often wonder at the unusual agility of somnambulists. How can they walk along the edge of a high roof without getting dizzy?

Two factors step in here. The first is what Mechnikov called "rudimentary vestiges". Numerous investigations, and everyday experience for that matter, have shown that in a somnambulant condition there is sometimes activation of ancient motor mechanisms typical of our forebears, the apes, for example, sticking out the thumbs or turning the feet inwards.

To understand the second factor one should recall how freely a person may walk across a small ditch on a wide board. There is absolutely nothing to fear. But now imagine the same board thrown across a narrow gorge between cliffs towering high over a raging mountain torrent. Many people would refuse to walk over this safe bridge. They would be prevented by fear. Fear is natural when one is awake but if a person is walking in his sleep he knows no fear. He is bold, active and unhesitating. This fearlessness combined with the activation of the

archaic motor mechanisms gives rise to the amazing agility some sleepwalkers exhibit.

A sleepwalker should not be hailed or awakened during his wanderings. Instead, he should be taken quietly by the hand and led slowly back to his room.

It used to be popularly believed that the moon caused sleepwalking. This belief was based on two circumstances. In the first place, a person walking around in the yard or balancing on the roof edge is particularly conspicuous on a moonlit night. On a dark night he would hardly be noticed. Again, our beathen ancestors believed that the moon had a magic influence on earthly affairs.

Moreover, it was noticed that moonlight falling on a person's face sometimes caused attacks of sleepwalking. It has now been established that somnambulism can be induced by any external stimulus, say, the sound of a falling object.

The habit of sleepwalking in juveniles usually disappears without a trace. Such was the case with the boy in our story. He was rid completely of the disorder. The only medical assistance was the prescription of a sound regimen to be strictly controlled by his parents: definite hours for study, play and sleep, normal nutrition and physical exercise. He was also given a tonic to brace up the nervous system.

If it is shown that a case of sleepwalking is associated with another disease, the underlying cause must be removed. In any event, the moon is not to blame.

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# WHY DO YOU WANT A NEW YEAR?

By Trom Rasul Gamzatov

*Celebrated poet and Lenin prizewinner, a member of a small nationality, the Avars, who have their home in Daghestan, in the south of the Russian Federation.*

In my native land people do not celebrate the New Year. One day, after I had graduated from the Moscow Literary Institute, I asked my father: "Why isn't the New Year a festive occasion in Daghestan?" His reply was that a New Year was a repetition of the past, that the past was eternal, and that if you shot at the past with a pistol it would shoot back at you with a cannon.

In the mountains of Daghestan there live many very, very old people. They are honoured and respected among us. This is a law of the mountains. But however long a man lives, if he dies without making any friends people say that he has not yet been born at all.

Probably this is why it is the custom in the mountains to stand by

the cradle of a new-born baby and wish him many loyal friends in life.

Last year we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of our revolution.

Right at its cradle, the Socialist Revolution of October, 1917, had many friends. Because in the revolution there was something that remains forever young, because people saw in it the realization of their hopes, they believed in it.

In the old days the fate of the people of our country was like that of a tattered old sheepskin coat, cast aside in a corner of the hut. The Socialist Revolution replaced the old sheepskin with a great warm Caucasian riding cape, clothed the Soviet people in it, and seated them on a winged horse that they might fly towards a splendid dream.



In the old days the fate of our people was like a myriad streams eager to run into one, but divided by mountain ranges of oppression and evil. The Socialist Revolution shattered these mountains of oppression and evil, and united the streams in one mighty sea of brotherhood.

Today the greatest of all festive occasions for me is a meeting with good people. Once I fought for my village, for my people, for Daghestan, for the Soviet Union.

Now the moment has come when I must fight for the human race, for the border between the human and the inhuman is to be guarded more sacredly than any other.

Once there were six continents. For me there are now two continents—the human and the non-human.

Good people, why do you want a new year? The old one was fine! Please accept my congratulations, you have lived through the old year, a decent and honourable one.

There is nothing more honourable than the past, and nothing more precious than concern for the future.

Live by the past. It is a wise past. An honourable past, a wonderful one. And if you take this past to your bosom, you will be able to make the future a splendid thing, too.

Our hands are full of love for our friends. We reach out to shake the hand of a friend, and with friendship goes love.



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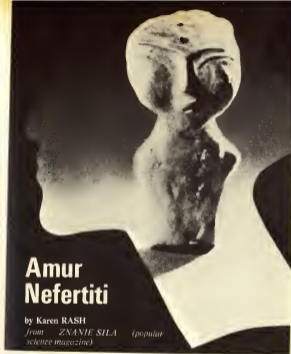
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### The SAVE THE CHILDREN Fund

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## Amur Nefertiti

by Karen RASH

from ZNAVIE SILA (popular science magazine)

Scholars have long been interested in the origin and history of the peoples inhabiting the basins of the Amur and Ussuri Rivers. Some 60 years ago, Berthold Laufer, a major authority on the culture of the Far East, observed: "The history of the decorative art of the Amur tribes remains a mystery, since there are no

written documents available to yield any pertinent information."

Alexei Okladnikov, a Corresponding Member of the USSR Academy of Sciences and well-known authority on Siberian history who lives in Novosibirsk, has long been studying the Far East.

An archaeologist by profession, he

was aware that the cave drawings in the Amur valley were totally unlike the drawings he had encountered elsewhere. The line drawings he found there reflected the depression felt by the hunter, his dismay in the face of the all-powerful elements and his impassioned entreaties to the unknown gods.

The archaeologist was fascinated by the unexpectedly bold, spare lines, the naïve joy in life at times shown, and the aspiration to subdue the blind forces of nature.

The legends and myths related by the local forest tribes enabled Okladnikov to solve the mystery. He recalled an episode in the remote taiga in the Lena River basin when outside an old tent, "roofed" with light-toned sheets of boiled birchbark, he had taken down the stories told by a grey bearded hunter. This walking encyclopaedia of the history of his tribe had taken part as a young man in the last secret rites of the Evenki hunters. The Evenki are a small northern nation.

"You can well imagine," Okladnikov observed, "how startled any student of ancient Greece would be suddenly to see in the flesh a man who had participated in Bacchanalian rites. I think he would die of happiness or believe he was crazy. But as a matter of fact, the ritual dances which this taiga Homer took part in are really much older than the Dionysian worship."

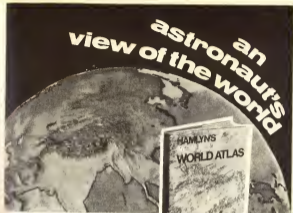
The riddle behind the origin of the art of the Amur tribes was cracked after a comprehensive scholarly analysis of the cave drawings and

numerous archaeological finds that Okladnikov and his pupils unearthed. It was established that this art was rooted in the Stone Age and had its own, underivative historical origins. Repetition of the basic, ancient ornamental motifs in contemporary folk art confirmed this, while the latest archaeological finds shattered any doubts that may have still been entertained.

The first find was a unique statue of a girl which radiated great charm and moving lyricism. It is an ethnic, yet extremely realistic, portrait of a woman of the ancient people. The absolute ease with which the unknown sculptor employed the laws of plastic expression is amazing. One can sense the sculptor's gentle, but slightly ironic smile. In this "Amur Nefertiti" is unquestionably the accumulated experience of many generations of sculptors. Even today, one can meet similar faces.

Another find, shards with a magnificent representation of the human face, was as unexpected. The ancient craftsman chose, from a multitude of ornamental motifs, a few characteristic elements and produced a pattern conforming to the character of the vessel, which in brilliance resembles the celebrated red lacquer utensils of ancient Greece.

The bits of information thus acquired comprise an as yet incomplete but integral mosaic of one original civilization. Emerging somewhere at the dawn of history, this culture preserved through thousands of years its characteristics of artistic thinking.



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## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

*Ask any Uzbek, and he'll tell you  
you can't possibly have a Happy New Year  
without the Uzbek version of spaghetti*





# Museum of Ancient Architecture



by A. MIKHAILOV

*Drawings by the author.*

**I**N the year 1628 the Mullev brothers, the best carpenters on the Volga, built a gem in wood—the Church of the Transfiguration in the village of Spas, near Kostroma. Beauty of line, logic of proportions and perfection of design make it one of the finest specimens of ancient Russian architecture.

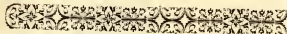
The Church looks best in spring, when the Kostroma River floods its banks to submerge the wooden piles, giving it the appearance of a magnificent ship racing full speed ahead.

During the construction of the Gorky Hydropower Project, the Church was moved to Kostroma. It now stands amidst other masterpieces of Russian wooden architecture: a windmill on top of a cabin and bath-houses on piles.

*from the newspaper  
Sovetskaya Rossiya*



# THE TEXTILE OF IVANOVO

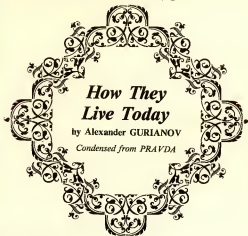


Part I, the Basic Annual Income of Twelve Families Known to the Author.

	Families			*clear earnings in roubles		earnings plus social benefits in terms of cash	
	number in family	number of breadwinners	old people and children	whole family	average per head	whole family	average per head
1. Sarychev	8	5	3	4,488	561	7,274	909
2. Prasnyskov (Rimma)	5	2	3	2,673	535	4,841	968
3. Opurin	4	2	2	2,148	537	4,166	1,041
4. Murin	2	2	0	1,475	738	2,204	1,102
5. Antonov	5	2	3	2,645	529	4,826	965
6. Konovafov	4	2	2	2,972	743	4,020	1,005
7. Prasnyskov (Nina)	4	2	2	2,427	607	4,373	1,093
8. Blinov	10	6	4	6,207	621	10,037	1,004
9. Anisimov	4	3	1	2,774	694	4,083	1,021
10. Naumov	3	2	1	2,178	726	3,245	1,082
11. Abramov	4	3	1	2,493	623	4,226	1,056
12. Yegorov	3	2	1	2,768	923	3,395	1,132

\* Ten roubles are equivalent to 11 dollars 10 cents in U.S. currency and 3 pounds 19 shillings in sterling. In Russia, 10 roubles can buy five kilos of best quality meat, three kilos of best quality butter, about nine dozen eggs, and cover a 100-kilometre taxi fare. A pair of the most expensive imported shoes costs about 40 roubles.

# WORKERS



## Part II, The Old Days

There are many ways of getting a thrill. I, for one, recently discovered one I could hardly have suspected in my younger days. At 62, I went to Ivanovo-Voznesensk, the town of my youth, which I had left over 30 years ago.

The Ivanovo area has been a textile centre for nearly two centuries. By the 1917 Revolution it was producing half of Russia's textiles.

At first—as everywhere—the weavers of Ivanovo were all men.

Later the local factory-owners realized that it was much cheaper to use female labour. So toward the start of this century the women took over in Ivanovo. The men who failed to become foremen, dyers or mechanics sought jobs in other towns.

I first arrived in Ivanovo at the age of 17. In 1922 my native Moscow was still fighting unemployment, so I went to Ivanovo where young workers were in great demand.

In Ivanovo I was trained in

weaving, got married and went through my military service. Then I worked at a textile mill which was just being built, installing and adjusting its first looms. I was elected secretary of the factory Young Communists committee—an honourable, if troublesome office, considering I had a whole crowd of sharp-tongued girls under my wing.

Now for the thrills.

### Part III. The Girl from my Youth

I left my luggage at the railway station and walked through the streets of Ivanovo. It was odd to look at them—they were so familiar. Even the houses looked the same (which, of course, does little credit to the city fathers). But I didn't see a single familiar face! That was my first, rather bizarre thrill—I felt as if I had come home, and there was my own house commandeered by strangers.

I made for the mill, where I hoped to find some old acquaintances. Two or three members of the management did recognize me, and arranged for me to wander around the mill just as I liked. They were too tactful to offer me a guide.

I recalled the place where as youngsters we had once unloaded two truckloads of saplings and stuck them in all over the factory grounds. Now they had grown to form pleasant long avenues—the kind you can admire in an old park. I savoured the spectacle, then hurried in to one of the shops.

Another thrill. People who have worked machines in a factory, a

printshop or even a ship's boiler room will understand me. I heard a great number of looms going at once, and the old accustomed noise made me feel as if I had never left the mill thirty years ago . . . as if I had just turned up on the job at the usual time.

The looms were vastly different, of course, but the operating principle appeared to be the same. The girls who were running along the looms looked strangely familiar, except that they had modern hairdos and smarter overalls. Otherwise they were the same old Ivanovo girls, strong and energetic.

Only they were a bit more talkative than they should have been. One went on chatting too long at the far end of the line, and something went wrong with her loom: the shuttle went one way faster than the other, spoiling the weave. The old factory owners fined workers heavily for that kind of thing, and not without reason, it seems to me.

I don't know how I found myself in front of that loom. I just can't explain it. I suppose it was a deep-rooted reflex action. My hands ran a step ahead of my head, put things right, pushed the shuttle and only then were complimented by my head, which said, "so you haven't forgotten, old man".

Incidentally, that made my hands dirty, and I was wearing my Sunday best. The weaver came running and looked at me with a hesitant smile, apparently trying to guess whether I was a new adjuster or some kind of inspector.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to offer me a rag to wipe my hands. In my day I always kept a rag tucked away for such occasions."

"Oh, excuse me, I'll bring it immediately."

At that moment a plump, middle-aged woman shot out from behind the looms and threw her arms round my neck.

"Sashka!", she exclaimed, "our young Communists' secretary! How grey you've got—even a bit bald!"

It took me a couple of minutes to recognize her. She'd been a slender, dark-haired girl who had made eyes at me. Her first name was Yelena but, of course, I couldn't remember her second name.

"What's your name now?" I asked.

"I've been Abramova for thirty years. Ever since you left. And a grandmother now. I'll take you to my place. Come and meet my husband. I've just finished my shift."

So I visited the Abramovs. I had a good dinner there, and then I stayed the night.

### Part IV. Cemetery Space and Living Space

The Abramovs share a three-room flat with another family. They occupy two rooms, the third belonging to a childless couple, also workers at the same mill.

The two families live like one. Together they bought the big refrigerator which stands in their kitchen. When one of the two housewives works morning shift, the other cooks dinner for both families. The

Abramovs' neighbour looked after their first grandson till their elder daughter and her family moved into a new flat allocated them by the mill—and now the woman misses the boy terribly.

I overheard a telephone conversation by her while I was washing my hands in the bathroom: "Thank you, but we won't be able to come. We've got a visitor tonight!" Invited by the Abramovs, I was also regarded as her own guest.

Before dinner I was introduced to the following members of the Abramov family:—

Nikolai, head of the family, an old-age pensioner. He had worked the first half of the day in his orchard in the country and was telling us about some new varieties of apple-trees he was developing.

Zhenka, their younger son, a factory toolmaker.

Nina, his wife, a winder at the Krasnaya Talka factory.

Another four people came just before the dinner: their elder daughter (also Nina, a doctor), her husband, an electrician, and the Abramovs' nephew, Vitali, with his wife. Vitali Lavrentiev, chief accountant at the mill, was a sociable type and was telling us about the workers' earnings—a topic of conversation that did not seem at all odd in this family of workers.

The Ivanovo weavers today earn from 100 to 130 roubles a month, I was told. Spinners get from 95 to 120 roubles, and assistant foremen and repair workers from 140 to 180 roubles.

Of course, the textile industry is not the engineering or the iron and steel or the mining industry, in which earnings are twice if not three times as high. But the weavers have more possibilities to "live beyond their means". That was how Yelena put it. (I'll explain this later.)—

"Incidentally, my daughter-in-law's pay has just gone up 13 roubles a month," said the head of the family. "Nina, where's your pay-hook? It's all in there."

"You're not quite right, Uncle," the chief accountant put in with an air of importance (apparently, to impress the guest). "Her pay-book doesn't tell you everything. There's nothing in it about the cost of the benefits Nina enjoys as a resident of Ivanovo and as a factory worker. And these benefits amount to a 70 per cent addition to her wages."

"Well, that's far too difficult for me to grasp," said the old mechanic. "I'm used to counting my money at the cashiers."

Nina complained that this was all very dull, that she was bored by all this talk about Soviet citizens enjoying free medical aid, paying low rents and getting free education. "I learnt it all at school," she said.

She studied it at school all right. Evidently that was why she found it unsophisticated to remember too often that the rents had deliberately been reduced and education made free for all. As O. Henry observed, even a housemaid in love ends up by being a cynic if she's everlastingly being told stories about love. There's some iron logic here.

Maybe all these calculations do not irritate me because I belong to the older generation. I saw Ivanovo's mills in the state they had been in under their old owners. And I always remember old man Dunayev, an Ivanovo weaver like his father and grandfather, who made a speech to the Town Council in 1905. An old story.

In 1905 a big strike shook Ivanovo, and the workers took over the town for two months. Incidentally, Nina heard that at her history lessons too. Dunayev, then a man of about the age she is now, spoke to a meeting near the Town Hall. He took out his pay-hook, waved it in the air and said:

"This book shows everything. It shows how much we're paid, and how much we're fined, and how much we're underpaid. And how much is left for herrings and kvass. In this book there are more minuses than pluses. Why do we get such a miserable portion of the wealth we create with our own hands? We have to pay for everything! If we christen a daughter we have to pay! And if we're taken ill we have to turn our pockets inside out!"

That meeting was fired on by troops. I heard about Dunayev's speech from a witness, Fyodor Kolesnikov. This is what he told me about his own life at that time.

"We were 19 to a room of 26 sq.yd. Only 10 people could lie side by side on the floor. We worked twelve-hour shifts at the factory—this was convenient in a way, for while some of us were at work the

others were asleep. On holidays, especially in winter, it was a terrible business."

According to official statistics, the workers of Ivanovo-Voznesensk had about one and a quarter square yards of living space each—about as much as a dead man occupies in a cemetery.

Today the Town Council and the factory are building homes on a considerable scale, and at the moment the standard is about 10 sq.yd. of living space per person. But young people insist that the figure is still disgracefully low, that housing is still an acute problem that is being tackled far too slowly. That has its own logic too. The younger generation cannot be expected to take 1905 as the starting point all the time.

But certain things have to be borne in mind. It should be remembered that people pay only part of the cost of maintaining their homes. The Abramovs, for instance, pay nine roubles a month rent for their two rooms, whereas these actually cost the city 27 roubles to maintain. The capital cost of housing is not borne by the tenants at all—there is no premium to pay, and nothing included in the rent for this. Once people are allocated homes they may live in them for the rest of their lives if they want to, and the children inherit the parents' homes if they do not settle elsewhere before that point.

I have given lectures on this subject from time to time, especially to young audiences. And all too often at least one sceptic has exclaimed:

"Doesn't cost them anything? How naive! And what about the taxes?"

Well, let's take taxes into account. And at the same time we'll see how it is that my textile worker friends live above their income.

## Part V. How to Live Beyond Your Means

The mill employs 11,200 workers. In 1966 the wages bill was 10.5 million roubles, of which about 700,000 roubles went back to the government as taxes.

In the same period the government (directly through the local authority and also through the mill as a state enterprise) spent 7,090,586 roubles on benefits to the factory workers. This is where the money went:

2,110,909 roubles on paid holidays and sick pay (at a level of up to 92 per cent of average wages), maternity leave (full wages for four months) and pensions;

880,736 roubles on medical aid (including hospital treatment);

534,854 roubles on holiday facilities. Workers pay only one-third of the cost of their accommodation in holiday homes and sanatoriums (for holidays plus minor medical treatment) and for their children's places in summer camps. Trade union branches may also provide such holiday accommodation for workers and their children free of charge;

224,035 roubles on the education of factory workers at evening or correspondence colleges and specialized secondary schools for young workers;

207,000 roubles on the provision

of working overalls, some special food, including milk in unlimited quantities (even in the most modern textile mills precautions have to be taken to keep health up to par); and such things as vitamin tablets for nursing mothers twice a shift;

1,588,450 roubles on maintaining workers' children in nurseries and kindergartens, on secondary school education and out-of-school educational activities;

716,000 roubles on the upkeep of homes, central heating, electricity and gas;

714,000 roubles were allocated by the factory management and the Town Council for house building.

Finally, another 114,602 roubles went on maintaining the factory's club and the special clinics.

Tuberculosis is the traditional occupational disease of textile workers. Before the Revolution 60-70 per cent of the Ivanovo weavers suffered from TB, and in the early Soviet years the city opened a TB clinic which is now changing its speciality. There are almost no TB cases in Ivanovo.

There is also a very good clinic concerned entirely with cancer prevention and screening. As a result, only ten cases of cancer have been registered in the past four years, and all have been caught at an early stage.

Now let's get back to the two figures: 10 million roubles in wages and 7 million roubles in benefits of all kinds, for which the workers would have had to pay from their own pockets—or gone without—if the bill

had not been footed by the government.

It is interesting to see what these benefits mean in the budget of an individual family (see opening table). The 70 per cent addition to the wages gets blurred in the picture of day-to-day life and nobody tries to discern it here. Besides, 70 per cent is an average figure. The actual figure depends on the family.

For the Murins, a two-member family without children (No. 4 in the table) this social addition amounts to 49.4 per cent of the wages. For the Blinovs, whose ten-member family has six wage-earners (No. 8 in the family table), the addition actually amounts to 62 per cent. The more children and old folk a family has the more mouths it has to feed. That natural "injustice" of life must be rectified by social justice. The government spends 3,830 roubles on various kinds of assistance to the Blinovs—5.2 times more than it offers the Murins from social funds (729 roubles).

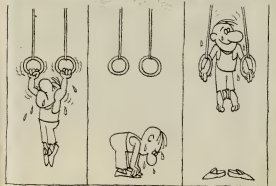
So the Murins and the Blinovs and the Abramovs all "spend" more than they earn.

Tentatively, I rescaled the prices of all the foods, goods and services enjoyed by the Abramovs in 1966 in terms of those of 1913, the most favourable and least hungry year for Czarist Russia. The life they lead today would have required an annual family income of 6,000 roubles in 1913. But with the same number of breadwinners, each having the same skill, the most they would have got was 900 roubles.

What kind of sports should children go in for? A poll conducted among 50 parents has yielded the following answers:

Men favour		Women favour
40%	swimming	30%
25%	figure skating	27%
15%	gymnastics	14%
12%	skiing, skating, games	7%
8%	anything, so long as it keeps them well	22%

From ZNANIE-SILA



By Vassili Axionov

## THE BALLAD

You can't



## OF THIRTY HIPPOS

keep the Leningrad Dixieland Band down—here they are at it in a Tallinn park.



*Vassili Axlonov, born 35 years ago, is the author of a number of best sellers, including The Colleagues, A Ticket to the Stars, Oranges from Morocco, 'Tis Time, My Friend, and many short stories. In May 1967, he covered the jazz festival in Tallinn, Estonia, for Yunist magazine.*



I watched the first of the thirty hippos as it was being carried into a TU-124 at Vnukovo Airport in Moscow. Wrapped in a neat green slipcover, it was carefully borne to the waiting plane by two sturdy young men.

Ninety minutes later it, and we, arrived in Tallinn. Wedged in a little bus between two Moscow cameramen and their equipment, I was about to leave the airport when another hippo emerged into the cool Estonian morning. This one had four men with it, bass-player Albert Hoja-Bagiroy and the rest of the Raik Bahayev quartet from Baku. The hippo lay across our knees, hugely clumsy yet meek, its bulk somehow appealing. "Don't mind my prodigy!" said Hoja-Bagiroy's proud yet apologetic glance.

For the next four days thirty varnished hippos (bassés to you) rumbled, grunted, and droned in the dark-haired Brotherhood Club and the Kalev Sports Hall.

On my first visit seven years ago I fell in love with Tallinn; we had a brief, tempestuous romance in the rain. Now I catch myself treating it with an odd familiarity. Could I be getting old? . . .

So now I was a journalist covering the traditional Tallinn Jazz Festival. On my lapel was a yellow badge with a little trumpet on it. Also a ribbon with the legend 'PRESS'.

It's a nice, solid feeling, being properly accredited, gives you the sensation of belonging.

This time thirty jazz orchestras and groups came for the Festival; among them the Korolev Usyskin Dixieland Group from Leningrad, the Grigori Gurevich Mime Ensemble from the same city, accompanied by Yuri Vikharev's group, Yevgeni Malyshev's quartet from Kalinin, and the Medicus Quartet from Lvov.

Moscow was represented by the Crescendo Quartet, the KM Quartet, the Gberman Lukianov Trio, the Big Band of Oleg Lundstrem and the Boris Rychkov Trio.

From Novosibirsk came Vladimir Vitich and his young scientists' group. There were also the Star Quartet consisting of four soldiers from Riga, the Tallinn trio of Rajvo Tammik, the Mustafa-Zade Trio from Tbilisi and Anatole Kroll's Quartet from Tulsa.

And from abroad came the popular Zhigniew Namyslowski Quartet from Warsaw, five bashful Swedes

From Gävle—the Kurt Jernberg Quintet; seven elegant Swedes from Stockholm—the Arne Domérus Septet; the oh-so-jolly Finns—the Erik Lindström Quartet, and the American Charlie Lloyd Quartet, which has fans all over the world.

Thirty bands, thirty varnished hippos—the only statistics I have. And, of course, a multitude of photographers and journalists—both Russian and foreign. Also a pack of film and TV men, and great crowds of jazz lovers, amateur and professional, including America's Willis Conover whose voice for over 12 years has meant jazz to listeners all over the world.

Wait, there's another statistic—the Kalev Sports Hall seats four thousand, and on all four days of the festival it was packed.

Flourish of trumpets! The chairman of the jury, Uno Naisoo, declares the festival open.

On stage the Dixieland band from Leningrad. Korolev (trumpet), Usyskin (clarinet), Levin (trombone) are up front. Behind them sits red-headed Yershov (banjo), and Miroshnichenko (sousaphone) and still further back Skrypnik (drums).

One, two, three . . . and off they go!

What a land—Dixieland! . . . The insistent chuff-chuff of the first automobiles. A dark-skinned giant with a heaving face nonchalantly twirls a cane, wearing a blue-and-white striped jacket and pants of violent violet. Sweet Street is full of dancing Negroes. And plywood aeroplanes hover like big dragon flies in the sky,

while the little men down below move with the jerky movements of the early films.

Even ice-cream was different in those days, colder, much more delightful. The beer was also colder, and oh, those women! Life was so simple, so gay and so beautiful in the South! What else could you want from it?

Four thousand smiles shine out into the hall, eight thousand stomping feet beat time. Six serious-looking boys from Leningrad have suddenly become six wholly irrepressible Louisianians.

Next on stage is the Gberman Lukianov Trio—Lukianov is a much-talked-of virtuoso trumpet

*Willis Conover of America. Soviet jazz fans don't know his face, but recognize his voice, which thrills fans all over the world on Music USA broadcasts.*



player. He has been called "The Voznesensky of Russian Jazz". Is it folk jazz or free jazz? Perhaps a combination of both? It's hard to find a pigeonhole for talent.

Then Anatole Kroll and his quartet, playing a three-part composition by Kroll. The first part is called "Revelation", the second, "Ballad", and the third, "Movement". Out front stands lanky, bearded Alexander Pishchikov, tenor sax, producing piercing sounds that are hoarse and harrowing. The saxophone solo is clearly in the Coltraine style, but the revelation is Pishchikov's own. And anyhow, isn't all jazz a revelation when played by a true artist? As his improvisation ends, Pishchikov, exhausted, moves aside to make room for bass soloist Sergei Martynov. This begins with Martynov listening as his bass performs . . . So far so good. What else can you do? Come on let's have some more . . . More, more, more! . . . Aw come on, come on, come on . . . It's not enough for Martynov, who begins to sing with his bass. Pishchikov, his head to one side, listens compassionately. Then the entire rhythm section picks it up, the hurricane hits and the roof caves in. For the climax Pishchikov steps in again. But bere Dixieland departs in favour of drama, and even tragedy of a sort. It is a revelation. And self-expression. Is it a break-through, too?

★ ★ ★

Zbigniew Namysłowski, of the spidery frame and owl-like eyes, saxophone player from Warsaw, has been improvising for twenty minutes



*Jazz-mime—a new touch for jazz. Will it catch on?*

Opposite page  
*Charlie Lloyd, one of the big names in jazz today.*

*Some took their jazz very seriously at Tallinn . . .*

*. . . but at the jam sessions they warmed up.*





now. It's not long enough, he never has time enough. He writhes, his face a study in anguish. He seems to be trying desperately to tear something off, to wrench away a hateful sheath or skin, or whatever it is that fetters his expression.

A conversation with Vladimir Vittiĥ, leader of the Novosibirsk group, who also happens to have a rather good degree in maths, and possibly in physics, too.

"What do you think of experimental jazz, of free jazz, for example? I can't take Ornett Coleman. What do you think of him?"

Vittiĥ smiles into his beard. "I like him."

We're joined by Nikolai Kapustin, the talkative, temperamental pianist. "Remember, Vasya, when be-bop was also considered wild and unintelligible to the normal musical mind? Now even you . . . I might be mistaken, of course!"

"Ye-yes, in a way it's true. You have to have experimentation, but I doubt whether it can be understood by the ordinary, average musician . . ."

"Experimentation's an introspective process, whether in literature or in music," interposes Vittiĥ.

"Jazz for jazzmen? Poetry for poets? Sculpture for sculptors? Could you play in a dark, empty room?"

"To my mind, an empty room is an ideal place for practice, for concentration. But the jazzman needs an audience of live people."

"And if they don't understand him?"

"Oh, but he keeps calling . . ."

★ ★ ★

Jazz, jazz, jazz at its hottest and at its coolest, at its weirdest and absurdest. The avantgarde speaks.

"Let's not fool ourselves! We call our themes *Five Bird* or *Ivan the Prince*, and pretend to create our own national jazz, for which we can then claim a special place. But it isn't that . . ."

"The mainstay of jazz is free improvisation. It needs neither a name nor literary allusions. Jazz is an international art."

"Excuse me but I think your theories are a lot of hot air. All the great jazz boys draw on folk music. As far as Russian folklore goes, only the top layer's been skimmed, and look at the result! Tovmasyan's *Great and Sovereign Novgorod*, or *Night on Lake Pleshcheyevo* by Gromin, or Lukianov's *Ivan the Fool* . . ."

The discussions continue . . . a middle-aged connoisseur:

"Why do we stuff music with all this melodrama? That eternal sobbing and soul-searching! After all, isn't jazz one of the most playful, high-spirited mediums we have? Or tell me this, why can't we play elegantly, with tongue-in-cheek? Look at 'Che-pe'" by Boris Frumkin, or take Garin's vibraphone pieces. That's what I mean—snap, scap!"

A man from Leningrad with a Thelonius Monk beard (all the rage

\* *Che-pe*—initial letters for "extraordinary occurrence", Russian slang expression denoting a minor crisis.

with jazzmen today):

"Russian jazz, you say. Of course, but you are not obliged to use Russian folk tunes in order to play in the Russian manner. All you have to do is be a native, know the Russian scene through and through, to be able to feel the heart of Russia. You ask why all the sob-stuff and dramatization. I'll tell you why. Because Russian jazz actually has its roots in Dostoyevsky!"

★ ★ ★

One group after another performs, and no two alike. Now the rat-a-tat of drums and the grating screech of the Coltraine saxophone gives way to the sparkling, polished performance of Borish Rychkov at the piano. We hear improvised variations on a Russian song, "My Mists", on a theme

of Dizzie Gillespie's, and one of Rychkov's own . . .

★ ★ ★

And finally the Charlie Lloyd Quartet. Lloyd himself is an incredibly tall, thin Negro, with a great mop of curly hair. His saxophone is a miracle. It can sob and whimper and whine, or snicker and chuckle and crow. As he plays, his long body writhes and jerks. His knees seem to buckle under him. But this is emphatically not for effect. All the stops are out, it's *his* ultimate in expression.

The twenty-minute solo is over. Lloyd, sagging a little, does not attempt to wipe the sweat off his face. He retreats into obscurity upstage; his gold-rimmed glasses catch the big lights like a mirror.

*One of the thirty hippos that went in one by one.*



Three seconds later the band bursts into uproarious sound. The pianist, a real virtuoso, finds there are not enough keys, so he leans over and attacks the strings directly. The drummer has a go at everything in sight, the storm becomes a tempest. Then on comes Lloyd again, his head thrown back, and a marvellous sweetness emanating from the sax. The stormy clouds have gone; the sax is meltingly tender. . . .

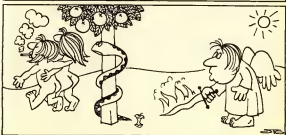
One hour and five minutes they play, and at last, amidst wild, frantic

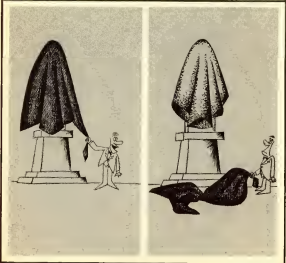
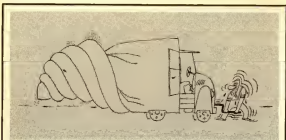
applause, leave the stage spent and drooping.

★ ★ ★

Now, with the festival behind, the closing ceremonies concluded, and the magnificent jam sessions a memory, I stand at the window and look out at the rainy street and the airline ticket office across the way. They are carrying in one hulking hippo after another, each one soberly clad in slip-cover.

I want to cross over into jazzland.





# CINEMA IN THE YEAR 2067



by Ruben BAGIRYAN  
from MOSKOVSKY  
KOMSO MOLETS  
(YCL organ of Moscow)

The evening edition of *Voices of the Earth*—the last newspaper to be printed on old-fashioned synthetic film—has today's film review *Hot Countries* indexed XL 77 35. I press buttons X-L-7-7-3-5.

"Your order herewith," answers a voice from the central dispatching office of Film Delivery.

A small transparent crystal rolls out of a narrow slit. I drop it into the *Biorama*—a small apparatus on my newspaper desk—and sit down in the armchair.

The walls and the ceiling turn pale blue, nearly transparent, and melt away. The room vanishes. Instead of the armchair I find myself sitting in a hard saddle between the two shaggy humps of a Bactrian camel. The caravan is crossing the hot sands of a desert. A bell rings monotonously on the neck of the leading camel. It is a natural desert, with yellow dunes and an oppressively blazing sun. Perspiration streams down my face. I rub it off on a towel hanging around my neck. I am dying of thirst. Suddenly orchards come into view on the horizon.

"A mirage?" I ask the camel driver in alarm.

"No, an oasis," he replies.

My joy is overwhelming. At last! The spring water is biting cold and makes my teeth ache. An old man in an embroidered skullcap hands me a ripe peach and I feel the sticky juice running down my hands...

For a moment the *Biorama* returns me to the room. Then around me is the sea. A white motor launch flies over the emerald green waves, then dips down. My heart sinks to my heels. A girl on water skis fitted with small jet engines jumps from a wave as if from a springboard and flies away over my head. Salt spray beats straight into my face.

We approach the shore and I can see every pebble. It is the end of the sea trip. The sand burns my bare feet, and I smell blooming magnolias.

I see cheerful, smiling people all around; there is a clicking of cameras, and music. In a seaside café *shashlyks* are being grilled on long slender spits...

Such is a picture of the cinema in the twenty-first century as I imagined it after an interview with Andrei Boltysky, a prominent Soviet film expert. Asked to comment on the prospects 100 years from now, he smiled and said: "I have often discussed what cinema will be like in the next five or ten years, but not in a hundred. Technological progress is so rapid that even science-fiction writers now and then fall behind developments."

Still, we might try and look into the future. Born only seven decades ago, the cinema is a very new art. The first films were shown in a small Paris theatre in the Boulevard des Capucins in 1895. Early films were black and white and silent but audiences enthusiastically greeted this humble beginning and flocked to see every picture.

The new art quickly caught up with its senior brothers, despite their

history of thousands of years. It turned to sound and colour and spread into the three dimensions. The screen widened and after some time the audiences found themselves encircled by it. Circular panorama came into being. Soon the screen will reach upward to form a cupola, so film viewers will have to look up as well as around. Engineers are working on the *Cupolarama*.

What next?

Scientists, film directors and camera-men are trying to make the audience participants in what is happening on the screen. The spectator must perceive art as naturally and realistically as possible. Meanwhile, the lion's share (80 per cent) of the information man receives during the show reaches him visually. However, if you see a rose and don't smell the aroma, or if you watch white hot ingots being rolled in a mill and don't feel the heat it radiates, the reality of the pictures is lost partially if not wholly. Only the combination of all our senses—sight, sound, smell, touch and even taste—can give full information about the world around us.

In the past decade the United States has sought to add a new dimension to cinema, through *Aromarama*. The idea was to enable the spectator to inhale the fragrance of apple blossoms when an orchard appeared on the screen, or smell gunpowder smoke in battle sequences. A banquet on film was to be accompanied by the appetizing aroma of food. During the show conditioned air mixed with aromatics was blown into the hall.

Sequence followed sequence. The

foolproof conditioner blew more and more smells into the auditorium. But how could the old ones be removed? Even powerful ventilators didn't do the job fast enough. The smells clashed with the images. On the screen the dense forest had long given way to a desert but the air in the cinema still reeked of resin and pine needles.

To the two sensations—sight and sound—American engineers tried to add smell, and failed. Film critics unkindly labelled the experiment *Smellorama*.

But in the future, film directors will be faced with the far more difficult task of making films for taste and touch, not only vision, sound and smell. The existing technology will not suffice.

To solve the problem, the engineers of the twenty-first century will most probably turn to action currents for help. Something is already known about action currents and they are being put to use. Recall the artificial arm designed by Soviet engineers? The moment the wearer imagines he is lifting a weight his artificial arm bends. It is controlled by action currents that emerge in the cortex of the brain, pass through amplifiers and issue a command to a device mounted in the artificial limb.

The reverse process can be exemplified by an actor carrying a massive case up a ship's gangway on the screen. The spectator feels the weight of the load as though he were lugging it himself. Finally the actor reaches the deck, sets down the case and heaves a sigh of relief. And so does the spectator.

All thanks to action currents recorded on the film.

The wonderful signals which the special apparatus will reproduce from the film along with the image and sound will make the spectator a participant in the screen action. He will be able to share what a parachutist feels as he plummets from a plane, or what a diver feels as he plunges into the mysterious depths of the ocean.

Cinema of this kind, like the greatest of all magicians, will be able to transport the spectator to any corner of the globe, to a neighbouring planet or even to another era, in the twinkling of an eye. It will be possible to join the crew of Magellan for a couple of hours, or storm the Winter Palace with the people of Petrograd. And, for the first time, millions of spectators will fly, really fly, to some distant star.

Now a peep into the projection booth. The desk is piled high with tin boxes containing parts of *Extraordinary Happening*. The boxes have a total weight of 150 pounds. No wonder. There is an immense amount of material recorded on the film.

The film lives up to its difficult task. But it is too heavy and, still worse, short-lived. Television uses, instead of film, a special videotape. The image is recorded on it in the form of magnetic variations, reproduced on a videomagnetophone. Such a tape is more dependable and lighter than the usual film. But it is unlikely to meet the requirements

of the twenty-first century.

Film will eventually be replaced by a crystal with special properties. Scientists have already learnt to grow crystals with required properties and even to replace certain atoms in the lattice by atoms of other elements. By arranging them in a certain sequence the material of a film can be coded into a very small crystal. After some time a two-hour film for seeing, hearing and feeling will possibly be recorded on a crystal the size of a matchhead.

Now imagine that you are sinking down into a soft easy chair, fitting a transparent crystal into the small apparatus on your desk and . . . watching just what is written at the beginning of this article.

Unfortunately, we cannot describe the design of the apparatus and the crystal-growing procedure—it may take a century to materialize.

Possibly our descendants, while leafing through this yellowed magazine, will smile when they read this. Because the twenty-first century cinema in all probability will only vaguely resemble what we are talking about. But these people of the future should make allowances for the limitations of their ancestors' attempts at prophecy.



## The Manikin that shot an Arrow

from the newspaper TRUD

On one occasion when the famous Russian ethnographer N. Miklokho-Maklai returned from a trip to New Guinea, he brought back with him a rich collection of Papuan costumes, weapons and household utensils. Based on his drawings, manikins were made and placed in the Museum of Anthropology and Ethnology in Leningrad. One of the manikins represented a warrior on the point of shooting an arrow, his bow strung taut.



During the last war a large bomb exploded near the museum. The shock wave released the bow string and the manikin "shot his arrow into the air". It flew across the room into luckily did nothing worse than pierce the door of a cupboard.

## The Riddle of the Two-Headed Sphinx

from VOKRUG SVETA



A sphinx has been unearthed in Soviet Central Asia, just a couple of thousand miles from the Nile. That's as the crow flies—and it would have to be quite a crow to do the trip with such a cargo.

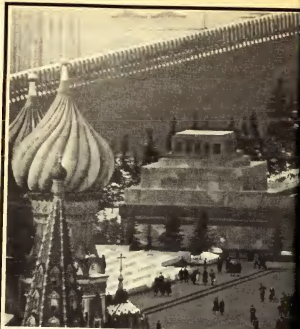
It was discovered when power lines were being put up in the Sultanaizadg Mountains, about 50 miles from the

town of Nukus, in Karakalpakia, Uzbekistan.

Bulldozer driver Nikolai Pavlov was pulled up sharp by something even rockier than the rocky ground through which his machine was biting its way. The trouble proved to be a mouldy-looking lump of marble, half covered with scree, from which the head of a sphinx eyed him with a glassy stare—possibly because its twin lay by its side, chopped off in untimely manner by the bulldozer.

How did this double-headed monster come to be there? Where did it come from originally—from the Nile or nearer at hand? How long had it lain there? And did it get there by accident or was it buried as a sacred relic in danger from invaders?

So far the two-headed sphinx is silent on all these questions, but Soviet scientist detectives hope to decipher its silent language.



## THE LENIN MAUSOLEUM

After Lenin's death on January 21, 1924, it was decided to immortalize his memory and build a Mausoleum in Red Square.

The Mausoleum was designed by the Soviet architect Alexei Shchusev on constructivist principles, widespread in the twenties and thirties; yet it fitted in well with the architecture of the ancient square—the elegant lines of St. Basil's Cathedral and the Kremlin towers.



*The changing of the Mausoleum guard. In the background the Spassky Tower of the Kremlin—the chimes of its clock, like London's Big Ben, are broadcast throughout the Soviet Union.*



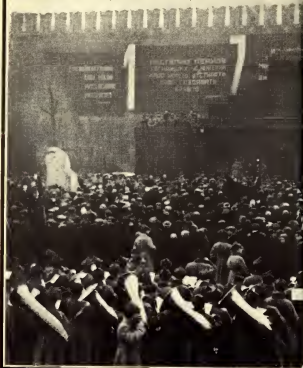
*On a freezing January day, the Soviet people paid their last respects to Lenin.*

*Opposite, above:  
Guard of honour, which accompanied Lenin's body to its resting place in Red Square, by the entrance to the underground mourning hall of the first Mausoleum. The original building did not look much like the present one—it was a dark grey cube topped with a three-tier pyramid, the cube symbolizing eternity.*

*Opposite:  
The first temporary Mausoleum did not remain long. By May Day, 1924, a new one had been built of oak. The simple lines were preserved, but the structure was enlarged and a reviewing stand and portico added.*

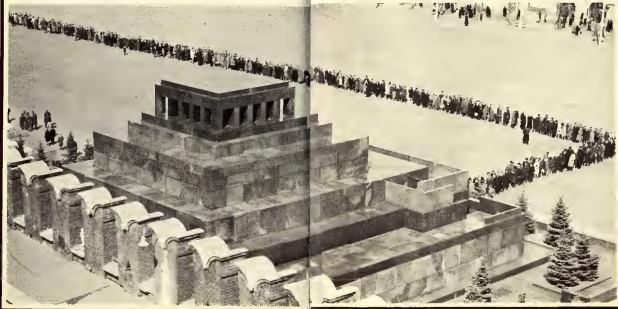


*It has become a tradition for demonstrations to gather before the Mausoleum on national holidays, with members of the Soviet Government and distinguished visitors in the reviewing stands. This demonstration took place on November 7, 1927.*





*A sight Muscovites see every day—a vast queue moving slowly across Red Square towards the Mausoleum. Today's Mausoleum, a permanent building of polished granite, was erected in 1929 on the same general design as its predecessor.*



ONE December morning in 1893, subscribers to Pyotr Soikin's magazine *Zvezda* in St. Petersburg found a story on its pages under the intriguing title "The Speckled Band". That was the first Russian translation of a Sherlock Holmes adventure. The great detective did not become popular right away. The next story appeared in the magazine a year later, and only in 1898 did there appear a collection of stories, entitled "Memoirs of a Famous Detective". That was the start of his triumphal progress across Russia, with readers clamouring for his adventures at libraries and bookstalls, and publishers turning out more and more editions.

Very soon, Sherlock Holmes was the most famous literary character, with the possible exceptions of Gulliver, Crusoe and Pickwick.

## Sherlock Holmes in Russia

Russian publishers soon realized that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's imagination was a goldmine. Dozens of editions appeared every year, the Russian translations following close on the heels of the original story.

Thus, *Novoye Slovo* (New Word) carried "The Lost World" almost simultaneously with its London publication, while "The Valley of Fear" serial in *Zhizn i Sud* (Life and Justice) had to be suspended because *Strand Magazine*, which was serializing the story in London, was not delivered to Moscow in time.

Between 1902 and 1917, "The



by Rostislav OLYUNIN

from the magazine *V MIRE KNIG*

Hound of the Baskervilles" alone, according to the most conservative estimates, ran to 28 editions. This, apart from newspaper serial, provincial editions, rewrites, imitations, adaptations for the stage and editions in English.

While readers were unanimously appreciative of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's writings, the critics were not.

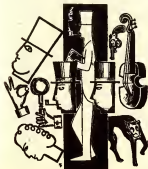
One critic inquired: "Is contemporary English literature so poor that it has nothing better for translation than Conan Doyle?"

But alongside the extreme and confused evaluations, there were

many serious and objective criticisms. Articles by Y. Veselovsky and V. Shklovsky gave a sober analysis of the stronger and weaker aspects of the writer's work.

Meanwhile, Conan Doyle was winning more and more readers. People were devouring his historical novels, his stories of the sea, of the lives of physicians and sportsmen, but he was of course best known as the author of the Sherlock Holmes adventures.

The cult of the famous detective reached its peak in 1909-1912, and was widely commercialized. His portraits appeared on tobacco boxes, advertisements and shop signs. Translators and writers who failed to make the grade discovered that they could sell their stuff by inserting Sherlock Holmes, signing it Conan Doyle and giving it a sensational title. Thus, ignorant or unscrupulous editors put out editions in which



"Scandal in Bohemia" and "The Norwood Builder" rubbed shoulders with low-grade imitations.

This fad for imitation was itself eventually used as a plot in an imitation Sherlock Holmes adventure. In 1908 there appeared "Sherlock Holmes and the Case of the Magazine Ogonyok", which described how Holmes, indignant at the abundance of stories about him, had come to Russia under the name of Conan Doyle to investigate the whole business. Meanwhile, the imitators were thinking of new ways to sell their works. "The Dancing-Girl's Knife", translated (from the MSS) by G. S., said an announcement by a wily translator. The new fake went into Soikin's edition of the "Collected Works of Conan Doyle".

That was 55 years ago. Since then there have been many more editions of the works of Conan Doyle. The best Soviet translators worked hard to give readers an idea of the writer's style, and show the breadth and diversity of his creative range.

Book-lovers are once again able to add his stories to their collections: the 8-volume edition of the writer's works published as a supplement to *Ogonyok* magazine in 1966 (an impression of 626,000 copies), contains works published in Russian translation for the first time. Nearly all the Sherlock Holmes stories are there, together with some historical novels and Professor Challenger stories. Sherlock Holmes is no longer threatened with dancing-girls, knives, for the imitations and fakes have been weeded out.

"Yes, I'd like to wish every woman a sealskin coat—provided, of course, it's synthetic fur."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



# CITY WITHOUT STREETS

What will the city of the future be like? Members of many professions—social scientists, transport engineers, doctors, artists, experts in cybernetics, and, of course, town planners—are giving thought to the question. How can the main problems of the modern city, where man lives cut off from nature and strangled by traffic, be solved?

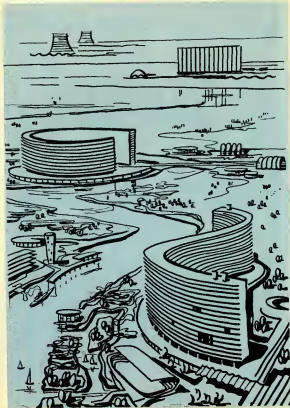
SPUTNIK presents the idea, put forward by Soviet architect Boris Landa, of a city without a single motor car, where people live in complete comfort with nature around them.

by Boris LANDA

abridged from  
EKONOMICHESKAYA GAZETA



PRIVATE LIFE requires concentration, at times seclusion. But all around are people—crowds of strangers—in the streets, in the parks, in the shops, everywhere. You go home and there are the heads of the inquisitive at windows. There is no getting away from them, with houses



all around. Blocks of flats and rows of houses appeared in the nineteenth century and engulfed the public buildings. These beehives of honey-comb homes stand everywhere, sickeningly alike.

SOCIAL LIFE is determined by interrelations that become more and more intricate. At first vehicles assailed the pedestrians, now they attack each other. There is no space left either to park in or to drive. Ahead is the "motor car death of cities". Public transport is even more hopeless: the stops are not near the places people want to go to, and passengers have to make more and more changes from one vehicle to another.

The delivery of goods requires a second transport system—as inconvenient as the one for passengers. Neither lends itself to mechanization. The number of daily operations increases inexorably, and there is no stopping them. Each time you have to go out you have to put on your coat, go downstairs, walk to the stop, wait, and then travel—a long, exhausting journey. It's exactly like going to another city as far as time is concerned, and we do it more than once a day.

DEVELOPMENT. There is much that is wrong, we are told, but it is at least good that the city is growing continually and freely, one estate

Drawings by Igor Volkov

*A panoramic view of urban complexes of the type that may form the city of the future.*



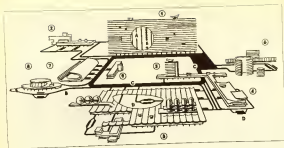
*Boris Landa, an architect and member of the staff of the Institute of Automation and Remote Control of the USSR Academy of Sciences, first worked out his design for the city of the future 20 years ago.*

*His idea received the support of many experts, but it was not developed—seemingly because its technical complexities were then difficult to resolve, and because of lack of the necessary experience.*

*His idea has, however, stood the test of time, and many of its elements have become standard town planning practices. It has lost none of its topicality, since it offers a reasonable approach to major problems that other projects fail to resolve.*

*Boris Landa proposes a basically new and promising solution for the most difficult problems facing planners—those of city transport, and of a convenient and inexpensive system of all-round services for the population.*

*Finally, he puts forward a general principle of the city as an organic reality, a large system rationally linking the various aspects of life and, more important, the many conflicting interests of the community and the individual.*



after another. But that, alas, is an illusion. The estates are crowded with houses and hemmed in by streets. They grow like crystals, and with them the population grows and communications expand. The streets become congested and the centre small.

If the city develops within its old boundaries, its residential section swells like a cancerous growth and disrupts the functioning of the organism. Either way there is no avoiding reconstruction, and that means ruthless demolition of the best buildings.

It all stems from the fact that at the beginning of this century the basic structural unit of the city, its "atom", became everywhere the one-purpose building in which people either lived, or worked, or ate, or relaxed. And so they have to make many different journeys every day—to reach their work, to get to shops or cafés, to go to the cinema, or to visit the country. To save man all

this expenditure of energy, buildings need to be merged. But to let the traffic through, buildings have to be torn apart. The two are mutually exclusive. So in the absence of other means, we resort to half-measures and build estate after estate, with the results we have seen.

The cities go on expanding, inter-relationships multiplying, and a crisis is inevitable. In the last few decades the basis of towns has been changing. The cell has become the neighbourhood unit. Unlike the block of flats at the beginning of the century, the neighbourhood has the simplest local services, and a kindergarten and play spaces as well as housing. It also needs fewer external links than the house, and yet . . . as before, much has to be brought in from the city centre or from other districts.

Most important, the neighbourhood has no industry, so those who work have to travel outside its territory twice a day at a minimum. Obviously, therefore, neighbourhoods

Diagram of urban complex and the transport network of a city of the future

1. Homes.
2. Nurseries and kindergartens.
3. Large-scale industry
4. Factories serving local needs (meat-packing plants, bakeries, etc.)
5. Administrative buildings
6. Places of learning
7. Places of entertainment
8. Sports facilities
9. Services (shops, restaurants, clinics)

#### Passenger Transport

- A. Vertical channels
- B. Horizontal channels
- C. Collector system
- D. General transport station
- E. Individual stop

#### Freight Transport

At the bases of the channels (A) and next to the general stations are service bureaux. Over collector (C) is a gallery for goods transport.

The drawing below depicts an urban complex of a city of the future, as planned by the architect Vassili Minyayev.



cannot be widely separated. But for all that their inner connections do become simplified, and the architect can turn each one into an organic unit, even into one closely organized building.

The negative aspects of city life have not undergone any real change, but their effects are considerably softened. As far as the city's constituents are concerned, they have only become complex. The planning deadlock has been broken, but town planners for some reason retain half-measures, when it is possible to go much further.

In 1947 I put forward the following idea. The city is an organic whole, or to use the language of cybernetics, a large-scale system. The layout and composition of a town can be looked at as its "anatomy", while transport, services and other forms of interrelation are like the circulatory, nervous and other systems of the organism (the city's "physiology", so to speak). But to live and to keep healthy, and to develop normally, an organism needs harmonic co-ordination of its physiological functions and anatomical structure. How can this be achieved?

By concentrating in the neighbourhood unit all the multifarious city functions instead of just part of them, industrial enterprises, a college, a theatre, so that the city would be made up of a number of small urban complexes.

The centre of each of these complexes would be a square. Along one side all long, tall buildings. Farther off, among greenery, the low buildings of nurseries, kindergartens, schools. Off the other sides of the square groups of industrial, administrative, cultural and sports institutions.

Public services like shopping and health centres, restaurants, tailors and hairdressers, and so forth, would surround the buildings to link the complex into a single whole.

This unity would survive, for chaotic building results from spontaneous population growth, and here there would be none. In a complex like this with a population between 50,000 and 250,000 the number of residents would remain the same despite natural growth of population and production. For the new people and the new enterprises further complexes of the same kind could be built, while the number of people working in the old ones might even be reduced in time as a result of mechanization and automation.

That means that the residential sector would not grow; on the other hand the non-residential groups of buildings could be developed unhampered, adding new departments to the factories, new places of learning, and new service establishments.

All around there would be open country, and every group of buildings would extend to the boundaries of the complex.

Regular communications between complexes would be limited to industrial and commercial freight. People would not have to travel to "alien" territory: everyone would be able to find a job to his liking in "his own" complex. There would be some families, of course, where some people would work in neighbouring complexes, but they would be the exception.

Obviously, complexes could be located at any distance from each other as desired. Their external communications would pass through open country, where they could be isolated from pedestrians. If the number of external links grew there would be no need to destroy anything.

But how would the internal communications be organized? Thoroughfares would be out. The only form of transport would be a lift—a special kind of lift that moves horizontally as well as vertically (through underground levels).

At the entry to your flat you would push a call button and in a few moments there'd be a cabin at your door. You would enter it and dial the number of the address you want, just as with a telephone, on a programmed control: a factory department, a friend's flat, a college, a stadium, a theatre.

Automatic cabins like these, built for two or three passengers, could move vertically at a speed of 9-10 miles an hour, and horizontally

twice as fast. They would travel non-stop from start to finish; the average journey would last about five minutes, and there would be no need to make a change to another cabin anywhere.

A stadium or a large factory department could be emptied in ten or 15 minutes. You would be able to travel from one end of the town to the other without going out into a street. A "personal cabin" would take you straight to work—in your working clothes, or to the theatre in evening attire, or to the beach in a swimsuit.

Here is how goods traffic would be arranged: A closed gallery would go right round the ring of service establishments, and electric cars carrying goods would course regularly around it. The houses would have freight lifts as well as passenger ones, fitted with containers for things of every size, "clean" or "dirty". Containers would arrive and depart from your flat automatically, even in your absence. Orders would be sent out and received back filled via these containers. Service bureaux located along the gallery would receive the orders, sort them out, and send them on to the suppliers.

On the next round of their circuit, the electric cars would fetch what had been ordered to the service bureau, from where it would be delivered to customers by the freight lifts. The operation would take half-an-hour to an hour.

This system would be easy to automate, but the work at the service bureaux would best be done by people. The whole thing, of course, would

require very wide publicity and information.

Shops would be more like exhibition halls where customers simply chose goods. The buying could be done at home in the way we have described.

We also envisage that there would be special containers carrying first-aid equipment, etc. Medical stations would be located next door to the service bureaux, and health centres along the gallery, while the hospital would be at the end of the complex. In this way we could get a complete system of medical service, and it would be quite easy to ensure regular check-ups on residents' health, and take preventive measures against disease.

So, with the city territory free of traffic, you could feel safe about yourself, your children and your relatives. The air would be clean. There would be no crowds, not even around the tall blocks of flats, since exits would be spread over all the surrounding area.

**YOU ARE AT HOME.** Your windows look out from two opposite sides—on the city on one side and over wide fields and woods on the other. With sound-proof walls you don't hear your neighbours, and if the walls between flats are built to project outside, you don't see them either. You have all the feeling of a secluded country cottage.

But people would be all around you nevertheless. Morning, noon and night containers would be delivering things to you—food or prepared meals, laundry, and dry-cleaning, books, and medicines. A doctor would always be on call, who could ask you to descend for treatment. Patients would be able

to go to hospital straight from their flats.

On the one hand, "my house is my castle", and on the other, "my home" is the whole city with its natural surroundings. The system of communications and services suggested would give every resident up to 90 minutes' extra leisure every day, equal to two months' holiday a year.

These complexes would not have to be alike. Every industry requires its own special conditions and its own architectural forms. But the complex would not necessarily be an industrial town. It might be an administrative centre, or a research or teaching complex, a health resort, or a port.

Incidentally, there would be no need for repetition of one and the same kind of buildings, for the layout of a complex could be varied even with the same basic design. Buildings could be grouped freely, with nothing "inevitable" about the com-

position of any group. It could take the form of a plate of any shape or height. It could twist in fantastic coils or half-circles, or have any other interesting shape. The roofs of lower apartments could make a terrace for upper ones. The centre could be a square, or a system of squares, a park, or an open body of water. It could be open or closed; and if the complex were being built in the Far North, it could even be covered with a dome of transparent, heat-insulating plastic.

IS IT FEASIBLE? The experts say it is. But how much would it cost? The passenger transport system would be more expensive than the usual kind. But there would be far fewer buildings; the everyday services would not be duplicated in the residential and industrial zones, but would be located in between, and it would take only a few minutes to reach them. The need for town

improvements would be reduced by more than a third; there would be no thoroughfares with their heavy road surfaces, and water and gas mains and power lines would be much shorter.

Running costs would be drastically reduced. There would be no need for drivers, postmen, newspaper sellers, or as many shop workers. The labour force released would be five to seven per cent of the population. Taking their families into account, the population of such a complex could be eight to ten per cent smaller than planned by the architect if there were no expansion of industry. The cubic capacity of the housing and public buildings would be correspondingly reduced, and that should roughly compensate for the extra expenditure on transport. So, it would seem, a complex would be no more expensive than contemporary cities of the same size built in the old way.

Cities used to be built for rulers— heavenly or earthly. They grew up to become servants of trade and industry. Their residents, with all their needs, remained in the background. There were few places where a man lost his individuality so thoroughly as in the town. But it should be different now.

The city forms our habits, inclinations, and tastes. The city is a school of life, not the only one of course, nor the main one, but undoubtedly an important one. It should contribute to the all-round development of society and personality—the personality of every individual. History demands that we build cities not as adjuncts of industry, trade, or government, but above all, for ourselves, for people. Are we against that?

*Some expert views on Boris Landa's proposals appear overleaf:—*

## Pioneers

In his "Civitas solis" Tommaso Campanella, a seventeenth-century Italian Utopian, described another city of the future. His dream-city stood on a high hill round which ran seven concentric rings formed by buildings. Four paved radial roads ran down through the rings to make an organic whole. Campanella named each ring after one of the seven planets then known.

\* \* \* \*

Le Corbusier, the famous French architect, believed that the city of the future would be a huge cluster of skyscrapers, an immense group of towers. The whole population would be concentrated in the centre, from which business areas and a few residential quarters would radiate in concentric rings with woodland and open fields in between. Le Corbusier advocated the greatest possible centralization.

In his "Libellus aureus", published in London in 1516, Sir Thomas More visualized the city of the future. On an island lost in an ocean, were 54 cities, all "vast and magnificent". That was the great Utopian's idea of pleasant solitude without, however, the disintegration of society.

\* \* \* \*

Frank Lloyd Wright, the great American architect, looking into the future, concluded that the city could be saved from the hypertrophy, distortion, and turbulent growth only by becoming a kind of agricultural centre. Every family in such a city, Wright believed, would own an acre or so of land. Stadiums, shops, theatres and factories would be scattered among the fields. The city would have no transport except . . . except, naturally, the motor car.

The danger the motor car presents, polluting the air we breathe, were not then realized and so, Wright believed, complete decentralization was the only way to save the city.

Landa . . . has developed a fundamentally new design for a city. It offers the following advantages:

1. The underlying principle makes it possible to build a city as a single ensemble, but opens up, at the same time, unlimited possibilities for variety of architectural and artistic patterns depending on local conditions.
2. The layout and organization of the city ensures most comfortable living conditions for the population in a most economical way and with the minimum of service personnel.
3. Despite the much higher cost of certain equipment the whole solution would apparently give substantial overall savings in investment and running costs.

I. Zholtovsky, Member, USSR Academy of Architecture.

I. Bardin, Vice-President, USSR Academy of Sciences.

V. Tropeznikov, Member, USSR Academy of Sciences.

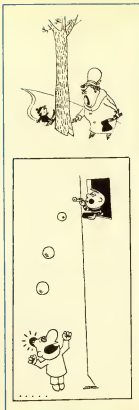
V. Rozenfeld, D.Sc.

\* \* \*

The most important element in Landa's scheme is the very original system of city transport, which seems to offer a radical solution to this "insoluble" problem. His ideas, however unusual, could well be carried out with present-day technical means, considerably improving comfort and convenience while reducing operating costs and investment in city building.

The most interesting element, without question, is the system of household and communal services.

A Lerner, expert in automation.



Ilya Ehrenburg, the eminent Soviet writer and a public figure well known for his work in the peace movement, died on August 31, 1967.

Born on January 27, 1891, he belonged to the generation of writers who laid the foundations of Soviet literature. He was both soldier and humanist, and the older generation will remember the dispatches he wrote by the light of burning Madrid, from the fronts of the Spanish

### *Ilya Ehrenburg*

Civil War. The reports he sent back from the front during the Second World War entitle him to an honoured place among those who made a major contribution to the Soviet people's victory over fascism.

Ehrenburg also won a reputation as a novelist with *The Fall of Paris*, *The Storm*, and *The Ninth Wave*.

Here we present one of the last of Ilya Ehrenburg's writings to be published.—



# ABOUT DOGS

by Ilya EHRENBURG

from the magazine YUNOST

I should like to say something about dogs. Why dogs, more than one reader will probably ask. Mainly because I love dogs—it's not a virtue or a failing, just that some people love horses, some cats, and some nothing and nobody. As for me, I have been fond of dogs from childhood.

I am always struck by the dogs when I am in London, not at all because there are so many pedigree dogs among them but because they behave so well in the streets. You rarely see a dog on a lead; they roam on their own, as though they know of the existence of some "Freedom Charter". At times they greet each other, or they pass by other dogs without taking the slightest notice.

They want to show off their independence and for the most part do not spare a glance for their masters or mistresses. But then they come to a pedestrian crossing, with thousands of cars speeding by. The dog does not step into the road but waits for his master and crosses

at his heels; evidently in the canine mind love of freedom is not incompatible with common sense.

Anton Chekhov was a dog-lover. Alexander Kuprin recalled how he once said with a good-humoured smile: "Wonderful people—dogs!"

Dogs really *are* good people. During the blockade of Leningrad, the writer I. A. Gruzdev had two poodles—hungry, skinny creatures. One day Gruzdev's wife came home with two days' rations for herself and her husband—just over a pound of soggy black bread with the consistency of clay. The telephone rang and she dashed out to the hall. She chatted for quite a time, then suddenly recalled that she had left the bread on a low table. The poodles were sitting there, gazing at the hunk of bread in fascination; before each was a pool—they were dribbling saliva but would not touch the bread.

I came across many intrepid dogs at the front. There was a pointer who crawled through machine-gun fire to carry messages from the forward edge of the battle area to the command post. A first-aid dog, a collie in a white camouflage coat (it was winter) used to seek out the wounded and lie down

beside them—on his back was a basket of bandages, food and vodka; then he would take a leather medallion hanging from his collar between his teeth, hurry off to the medical orderly to show that he had found someone, and then lead his master to the wounded man.

Often dogs harnessed to a sledge would take the wounded away, pulling gently and carefully. One sledge team consisted of two huskies who were at loggerheads over something or someone. While they were on the job they never fought, but once they were unharnessed a minor canine war started up.

In the last year of the war the Germans began to lay mines which had no metal casings, so that you could not locate them with mine detectors. Then dogs took over. I do not know how they did it—perhaps it was the smell of freshly turned soil—but they were unerring. They would find a mine and sit down by it, waiting for the sapper to come along.

In the summer of 1945 in Leningrad there was an exhibition of dogs that had seen war service, together with others that had come through the blockade. Among the heroes there was one dog that had detected more than 4,000 mines. He was missing an ear—he'd got off lightly. Everyone stared at him, and he stared back with a puzzled air, from time to time giving a melancholy yawn. There were 15 dogs that had survived the blockade—they were shown by their owners, and it was hard to say which were the more emaciated, the old women or the little mongrels.

My dog Buzu II was no coward, but during an air-raid on Moscow my wife left him in our ninth-floor flat (dogs weren't allowed in the shelters), and he was hit by blast. He was knocked out, but soon got to his feet suffering from nothing worse than fright. After that he would always watch the window when the gunfire started, and each time a Victory Salute thundered out he was terribly agitated.

As long as I was sitting well back in the room he would content himself with an occasional yelp, but as soon as my wife or I went near the window Buzu II would get frantic and try to chase us away, convinced that gunfire could bring us nothing but harm. Soon he learnt to recognise the radio signal that heralded an announcement of another victory, and would immediately start howling as if to warn us of impending danger.

There are pedigree dogs and there are mongrels, both good in their own ways. I would say that a mongrel is more of an all-rounder than a pedigree animal, which is rather like a human specialist. A collie can take a herd of cows or a flock of sheep to pasture without a herdsman or shepherd. A Newfoundland rescues people who are drowning. The French writer Simenon had one of these, and it caused him no end of trouble when he was holidaying on a barge on the Marne. People used to come to the river for a swim, but the Newfoundland would plunge in and drag them out of the water.

Earlier I spoke of Buzu II, who

was a Scotch terrier and a real Muscovite. Buzu I was more of a mongrel, or as our dog-fanciers put it so delicately, a cross. His mother was a Scotch terrier and his father a spaniel. I had him when I was living in Paris. He was a wonderfully jolly dog, although he had some faults akin to those of human beings.

Buzu I was a braggart and at times a thief. When I took him out on the lead he would pretend to be an appalling bully, snapping at all the buge dogs we passed; but once I let him run loose he would become extremely prudent and give any large dogs he saw a wide berth. I lived on the ground floor, and sometimes Buzu would get out and trot off to the stall where they sold borsemeat. There he would begin to go through his repertoire of tricks—beg and perform complicated pirouettes. So they would give him a piece of meat.

In the restaurant where we usually had supper, he would go round all the tables, looking, and of course sniffing. He did not like couples—they were too concerned with their own feelings, and he did not expect anything from them. He was on the look-out for the lone diner eating a meat dish, and when he found one he would start fawning on him with an air of utmost devotion. Touched, the diner would give him a piece of steak. Fifteen minutes later he could call the dog in vain—by now he was eating a pear, and Buzu I was not a fruit-lover.

Once when I was walking with him along Montparnasse Boulevard, he rushed ahead and darted into a café.

In a second he was doing his tricks by the stand where the sandwiches were made. He was rewarded with some ham and immediately dashed back into the street, and tried to look as though he were waiting for me—"What's been keeping you?" written all over him.

He had a sublime faith in the power of his tricks—one day he was playing in an empty room, and the ball rolled under a cupboard. When I went in I found Buzu standing on his hind legs in front of the cupboard, waiting for the ball to be rolled back to him.

All dogs are delighted when their master comes home, and many go looking for a present, bringing a slipper, a floor cloth or a newspaper. My daughter's poodles Chuka and Ugolek were like that. And in Prague I knew a Czech woman with a spaniel who would always go off looking for some gift. When he found nothing he would take his long floppy ear in his mouth and bring it to his owner or to me.

Chuka was affectionate and domesticated. She would bring cigarettes, matches and newspapers into the dining room, and close the door. Sometimes when no one had asked her to bring anything she would be so tantalized by the smell of luncheon sausage that she would take the initiative and either shut the door or bring in a newspaper.

Chuka's son, the handsome Ugolek, was a dreamer and unusually sensitive: when someone was low in spirits—and those were difficult times for us during the war—he tried to console them, sitting gazing tenderly into

their eyes, his tail wagging almost imperceptibly.

Dogs have wonderful hearing. My collie Taiga could tell the sound of our car at a distance of three hundred yards or so, and would rush to the caretaker to get the gates opened. I could never understand what distinguished the sound of our car from others, but Taiga knew very well.

A dog's life is a short one, and V. L. Durov, the well-known clown and animal trainer, had many dogs in his time. I remember at the end of the 'twenties one of his dogs put on a show as a mathematician. Once Durov told the audience: "A dog can't count, but he's very observant. Watch me carefully—my face changes when the dog goes past the required brick." He repeated the act four times and no one could see his eyes flicker.

His last favourite was a collie called Ryzhka. She sat on the pier at his funeral, in accordance with the wish of her dead master.

My friend Ivor Montagu once sent me an adult Sealyham from London, not realizing that one should not buy an eighteen-month-old dog from a breeder.

The vet's certificate gave his name as Thomson; his pedigree was ominous, for his mother's name was Revenge and the dog himself had been christened Retribution. He did not know any of these names, and we called him Tomka. He turned out to be real retribution. I can't imagine what he was like at the kennels, but he was probably very nasty. Tomka was distrustful and excitable, and began to bite the members of

the household. Altogether he seemed to suffer from persecution mania; he was clearly over-suspicious of us at home—with strangers he was always very sweet.

I kept him in my room, and did not let him out without warning. When food was brought him he would remain motionless for a long time, then would sniff the dish, drag off pieces of meat, and scatter them about. Then he would have another sniff, and only a couple of hours later would he eat it up. He lived with us for a year and a half, and then at the beginning of 1953 I gave him to a trainer who had a fierce Great Dane. Tomka trained the dog, and the trainer, and the trainer's wife. They all adapted themselves to Tomka's mania.

And Ivor Montagu, in rather a muddle with his present, sent another Sealyham to me in Vienna at the end of 1952. It was a dear little dog named Lou. I could go on telling you about Lou, but that's probably enough for now. One can't occupy too much space with such a frivolous theme as reminiscences of dogs.

Some readers may be surprised: the old man's crazy, they may think. What's the good of a dog? I could explain that a dog is a very useful creature, with a variety of talents. But I shall confine myself to the chief thing—dogs are good friends. To some degree they help youngsters to grow up decently, and that's not so easy—even harder, I think, than getting top marks in the school-leaving exam and receiving an honours certificate. . . .

Mikhail Gerasimov has founded a new branch of science and a school of his own. It is the science—or, if you will, the art—of reconstructing a person's facial appearance on the basis of the skull. In the last few decades, Gerasimov has sculptured likenesses of Ivan the Terrible, Yaroslav the Wise, Andrei Bogolyubsky, Tamerlane, Avicenna and many other historical personalities.

Gerasimov is the founder and director of the Plastic Reconstruction Laboratory of the Institute of Ethnography of the USSR Academy of Sciences. The laboratory, with its rows of busts, resembles a museum or an art gallery. Wearing a large apron, his hands covered with plastic materials, Gerasimov strolls about among his Pithecanthrop and Neanderthal "friends" and can tell you many fascinating stories about them.

He began as an archaeologist. While still a young man, he discovered an ancient settlement near the village of Multa not far from the city of Irkutsk in Siberia, and a number of other prehistoric camps. The ornaments and other objects he found there awakened in him a strong desire to see what the people who had made them had actually looked like.

His book *People of the Stone Age*, published in 1964, came as a result of investigations along this line. The results lend support to the theory that Neanderthal man was still in existence when the early representatives of *Homo sapiens* appeared, and that Pithecanthropus was coeval with the early Neanderthals.

*from the yearbook SCIENCE AND MANKIND*

## REBUILDING



## FACES

### FANTASY OR SCIENTIFIC CALCULATION

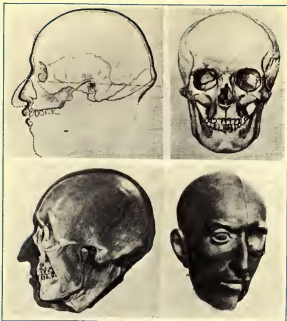
Some 40 years ago, when Gerasimov suggested the possibility of reconstructing a faithful plastic portrait of a person on the basis of his skull, the idea was greeted with derision. But Gerasimov maintained that photographs or death-masks were no more trustworthy than plastic reconstruction. Moreover, on certain occasions reconstruction might be the only means of identifying a person's remains. After all, scientists already considered it possible to establish the race of a person—Negro, Mongol or European—on the evidence of his skull. Why not the identity of individuals—Hannibal, Tamerlane, or Napoleon?

Gerasimov thought as an anthropologist, but his conclusions were eagerly awaited by criminologists.

One day a human skull was

*Above:—Mikhail Gerasimov's methods are of interest to anthropologists all over the world. Photo by APN*

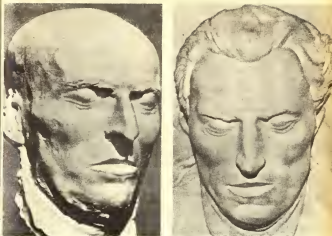
*Left:—The little hippopotamus on the table, carved from wood with a penknife, could only be the work of an artist. It was in fact done by Mikhail Gerasimov, an anthropologist. The portrait gallery on the shelf behind him does not contain works of art but plastic reconstructions of people from their skulls, according to precise scientific principles. Photo by APN*



Froep, a German anthropologist, believed the skull on the left to have been that of Schiller. But on investigation it turned out to be that of a woman. Furthermore, it was found not to tally with the poet's death-mask—shown in profile by dotted line. On the right is the actual skull of Schiller, discovered by Schwabe.

This was how Schiller's features were reconstructed. The flesh was built up on the skull, the principal muscles being modelled in resin (left). "And I had to do this on half of the face only," says Gerasimov, "so that all the details of the reconstruction and their relation to the skull could be seen" (right).

Reproduced from *Science and Mankind*



Compare Schiller's death-mask (left) and Gerasimov's plastic reconstruction (right). The striking resemblance is further vindication of Gerasimov's methods.

brought to him with the request that he reconstruct the face. The skull was thought to be that of a woman who had disappeared under mysterious circumstances.

Gerasimov determines the main features of the face on the basis of the bone structure. The relation between bone and soft tissue is a complex one, but it can be established, and by empirical observations and X-ray photography Gerasimov has compiled detailed tables to show the thickness of soft tissues for many types of face.

The nose and ears are most difficult. The eyes, on the other hand, are comparatively easy because even their expression is largely determined by the soft tissue and bone that surround them. Even details such as a hooked nose or a hanging lower lip, a sign of old age, leave their marks on the skull, not to speak of scars or other injuries.

This case turned out to be a difficult one. The left half of the skull was normal, but the right half bore no sharp outline. This indicated that the nerves on the right side had

become atrophied with constant loss of muscle mobility. The absence of many teeth also made reconstruction difficult, since the shape of the mouth is an important feature in the human face.

Step by step Gerasimov produced lifelike features from the death's head. Its thickened joints told him it had belonged to a person of between 33 and 36. Other peculiarities showed that this person had been a woman. An inspection of the alveoli (tooth sockets) revealed that the woman's teeth had been sound for most of her life. Hence the jaw line would be firm.

Eventually the picture was complete and the people to whom it was shown recognized in it the face of their lost relative. She had indeed been 35 years old when she disappeared. Just as in life, her face was slightly misshapen, and the eyelid of the right eye was much lower than that of the left—a fine detail caught by the anthropologist. The relatives were at one in agreeing that the reconstruction made by a scientist who had never seen her was a better likeness than the photograph they possessed.

While talking with us, Gerasimov seemed to toy for a few moments with a piece of tinfoil, then we noticed a small silver stag resting in the palm of his hand.

He smiled, "Yes, I am fond of all sorts of modelling. I carved a portrait of my daughter once, and by luck caught the likeness rather well." (One of his three daughters, Margarita, helps him in his laboratory



*Tajik poet, Rudaki, died 1100 years ago. No one had any idea what he looked like until Gerasimov built-up a reconstruction from his skull.*

as a paleoanthropologist.) Then, returning to the subject with which we began, he said:

"When I remade one of my plastic reconstructions in marble, it looked like a piece of sculpture. But let me hasten to add that I am not a sculptor. A pure artist would certainly make errors in plastic reconstruction, because he would be carried away by his imagination. But the reconstruction of a human face from a skull is a science based on the strict analysis of all available data."

Gerasimov has taught his precise methods of plastic reconstruction to students like Galina Lebedinskaya and Taisiya Surmina, who have been making plastic portraits on their own for some time.

Since the day he reconstructed the face of that unknown woman, numerous tests and experiments have proved his reliability. Dead persons unknown to Gerasimov were first photographed, then the bare skulls were given to Gerasimov. The reconstructed heads were then compared with the photographs by experts. Every reconstruction bore some resemblance to the photograph.

Gerasimov's methods are now acknowledged to be effective by even the most sceptical.

### THE SKULL OF SCHILLER

For nearly 150 years admirers of Schiller have made pilgrimages to the city of Weimar, where his remains lie buried. In the local museum a death mask of the poet and a plaster replica of his skull are kept. But until quite recently, no historian could say definitely whether this was a replica of the right skull or whether the buried remains were actually Schiller's. How the question was finally settled is an absorbing story.

The remains of Schiller from which the replica of the skull was taken had been found 21 years after the poet's death in the city's burial chamber by K. Schwabe, the burgomeister and a personal friend of the poet. Several members of the Schwabe family, Schiller's contemporary and fellow-countryman, Goethe, and other citizens who knew Schiller, including the poet's servant, had taken part in the search. But identification had been difficult, since there were no inscriptions over the coffins in the small

burial chamber.

Some 53 years later, when the remains of Schiller and Goethe lay side by side in the Goethe-Schiller mausoleum, H. Welker, an anatomist, expressed doubts as to the authenticity of the remains found by Schiller's friends. Welker had made a name for himself by comparing two skulls said to be Raphael's with the artist's self-portrait and establishing which was the right one. He now stated that the replica of the skull kept in the museum did not match the death-mask, and so the remains in the mausoleum were not Schiller's.

A new search began. In 1911 the city's burial chamber was reopened, and a new skull found by Froep, another anatomist, was placed in the museum. But this did not settle the question, for the skeleton found by Schwabe still lay in its red sarcophagus in the Goethe-Schiller mausoleum. It was to this relic that devotees of Schiller came to pay their respects. This odd state of affairs continued right up to 1961, when Mikhail Gerasimov was asked to identify the true skull and to reconstruct the face of the poet.

According to notes left by his contemporaries, Schiller, who died in 1805 at the age of 46, was a handsome man and the tallest in the city. In the red sarcophagus, Gerasimov found the skeleton of a very tall man. With its high forehead, prominent nasal bones, large eye sockets and fine, even teeth the skull looked impressive, even handsome.

Everything seemed to match the external appearance of the poet,

as reported by his contemporaries.

The skeleton found by Frorop, on the other hand, turned out to have been put together from the bones of different people; and furthermore, the skull was definitely that of a woman not older than 20. These facts put the Frorop skull right out of the running but Gerasimov still had to decide whether the remains found by Schwabe in 1826 were really Schiller's.

When he set to work in a locked room with his assistant and student, H. Ulrich, Gerasimov had no portraits of Schiller (of which there are plenty), and he had not seen the death-mask. As an experienced sculptor he could, of course, have shaped the familiar appearance of the poet from memory.

"But I had quite a different task," he states. "What I had to do was to reconstruct the morphological details of the face according to the shape of the skull that had been given me. And I had to do this on half of the face only, so that all the details of the reconstruction and their relation to the skull could be seen. If the skull was not that of Schiller, then my portrait would bear no resemblance to him."

Comparison of the plastic reconstruction of Schiller's face with Schiller's death mask was an official event. It was made in the presence of museum workers and experts. They immediately recognized the poet from the plastic profile and, after a detailed examination, pronounced themselves satisfied that this and all the other facial features stemmed from the peculiarities of the skull. The portrait made by Gerasimov showed

a living face, while the death mask naturally showed only the outlines of muscles which had lost all vitality and were furthermore distorted during the making of the mask.

How had H. Welker, come to make his error? Gerasimov gives this explanation:—The person who made the mask had bound Schiller's hair tightly with a cloth so as not to damage it. When cutting off the pattern left by the cloth on the mask, he removed too much plaster, which resulted in a distortion in the appearance of the cranium. Hence the discrepancy between skull and mask.

Today the reconstructed head of Schiller can be seen in the Schiller Museum in Weimar.

### SEARCH FOR AN UNKNOWN FACE

It was the Tajik writer Aini who first suggested to Gerasimov that he should make a plastic reconstruction of the face of Tajikistan's national poet, Rudaki, who died eleven centuries ago, and about whose appearance and life very little was known. Villages near Samarkand, Bukhara, and even in Afghanistan all claimed Rudaki as their native son.

Rudaki was the father of Persian literature. He wrote in Farsi—the direct ancestor of the language the Tajik people speak today.

As the 1,100th anniversary of Rudaki's birth was approaching, Gerasimov was again asked to find the poet's grave and to reconstruct his portrait. By now Gerasimov had a clue as to the name of the village

where the poet was buried, the Tajik village of Panjrud.

Usually identification of the remains of a person is made on the basis of contemporary accounts, chronicles, articles of clothing and—most important—evidence of pathological changes in the organism.

It was said that the poet had been blind, but nobody knew whether he had been blind from childhood or had gone blind in old age. Some historians wrote that the poet's eyes had been put out as a punishment for participating in the religious-political struggles of the time. Gerasimov decided to look for further clues in the works of the poet. If Rudaki had lost his sight in maturity, then at a certain point the world of colours would appear to him only in the form of memory.

Gerasimov found in word-for-word translations of the poet's works colourful descriptions of nature, wine and women. But at a certain period the bright and colourful world vanished. Earlier Rudaki had compared the beauty of a woman with that of a red rose, but now he compared her with the fragrance of a flower or with a gentle breeze.

Or take, for instance, the lines, "Dearest, your face is like an apple, but I do not remember the apple which has the fragrance of the musk rose." Rudaki no longer described the spring as he had done in an earlier poem, when he wrote: "The flame of blooming tulips has replaced the flame of the hearth." In his poem, *The Parable of the Three Shirts of Joseph the Wonderful*, he wrote: "My face is bloodstained like the first shirt; my

soul is torn like the second shirt; and how I long to find the third shirt, which brought sight to Jacob!"

Unexpectedly, Gerasimov discovered something quite special about Rudaki. In the poet's biographical *Ode to Old Age* he found the following passage: "My teeth—pearls and coral—have become brittle and fallen out. This is not illness. This is not the fate of Saturn. This has happened to other men, I know. . . ." The thought was not fully expressed but Gerasimov knew from his long experience as an anthropologist that in the case of some very old people who suddenly lose all their teeth, new teeth may begin to grow, as in children. From hints in the poem, this was apparently what had happened to Rudaki.

Even if he had not acquired new teeth, the lines in the poem suggested that his lower jaw would not have collapsed as do the jaws of people who lose their teeth gradually. Such a rare piece of anatomical detail gave Gerasimov confidence that the skeleton, if found, could be correctly identified. But where to find it? How was one to tell from the hundreds of unknown graves dug more than a thousand years ago the one that contained the remains of Rudaki?

After much historical and literary research and inquiries among people who might have pertinent information, Gerasimov drew up a plan for his assignment and set out for the village of Panjrud.

The elders of the village were not very willing to help Gerasimov until they were assured that the remains of

Rudaki would be put back in their original position, for according to Moslem customs the remains of a person must not be disturbed. But they were impressed by the evidence Gerasimov had gathered from historical documents and the fact that he was attempting to find the remains of the national poet.

Near the wall of the village cemetery were the ruins of a *mazar*, a Moslem tomb. Gerasimov decided to dig.

Soon he was holding a skull in his hands. Traces of damage were clearly visible in the eye sockets, and there were also signs that the bone had begun to degenerate, indicating that the person had lived for a long time after being deprived of his sight. Further evidence showed that this man had been blinded at about the age of 50.

In the lower jaw, which obviously belonged to an old man, were well-defined alveoli such as would be found in a young person, and inside the bone small swellings could be detected, a sign of the appearance of the young teeth, which had been hinted at in the poem. The old teeth had been lost practically all at once. Deformities in the spine (blindness has a marked effect on posture) also showed that Gerasimov had found the right grave.

The first portrait of Rudaki was sculptured. The remains of the poet were returned to their original burial place. Today a new and beautiful *mazar* has been built over Rudaki's grave, and the Tajik people have a magnificent bust of their oldest poet.

*abridged from Voprosy Filosofii  
(Problems of Philosophy)*

# MAN AND THE MOON

by Yuri Gagarin, the first space-  
man and Vladimir Lebedev, M. D.

## What is the good of Moon flights?

The soft landing of Soviet and American Moon probes on the Moon has led to new conclusions about the nature and properties of its surface and landscape—conclusions of immense importance for effecting a first landing of astronauts, and for enabling them to move on its surface. Further probes will give us fuller and more accurate knowledge of its physical features, and that in turn will make it possible to design and prepare technical means to support the life of the first men on the Moon.

But many people wonder, naturally, what is the point of Lunar exploration, and what benefits it offers mankind.

Man has a constant urge to unravel the mysteries of the Universe. His flight to the Moon, and the setting up of permanent research

bases, laboratories and observatories there, will undoubtedly open a new phase in the development of all the basic branches of science and technology. Having no atmosphere, the Moon is ideal for astronomical observations of all kinds, and for exploring the full spectrum of the electromagnetic and other radiations coming from outer space. It will be possible to establish a highly developed solar service to forecast the state of the Sun and the course of many geophysical processes that depend on the changing activity and affect the life of man.

Geological exploration of the Moon will substantially clarify problems of the origin and development of the solar system, especially of our planet, and give us a fuller understanding of the laws underlying the formation and distribution of Earth's minerals. The Moon should offer a very advantageous location for effective observation of meteorological, oceanological, and other processes taking place on Earth; and by radically improving the accuracy of weather forecasting it will greatly benefit transport, agriculture and industry.

There are also exciting prospects for valuable theoretical and practical research into high-vacuum engineering and electronics, as well as into the physics, chemistry and technology of super-low temperatures.

Relay stations on the Moon could improve radiotelephone services and television broadcasts on Earth.

But if research laboratories are to be set up there, their staffs will have

to be protected from harmful factors in outer space. We shall have to create an artificial environment for them; and even a small research station will need stocks of water, food, oxygen, building components and other equipment weighing hundreds of earthly tons.

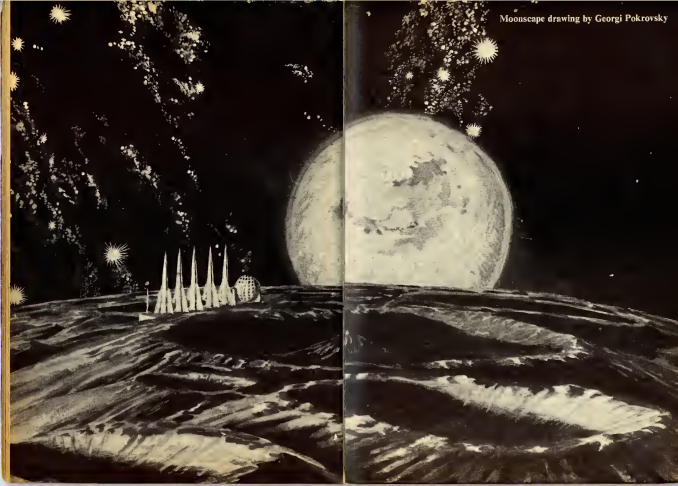
It is estimated that it may be much less expensive to produce some chemicals and building materials on the Moon itself, and even less so on other planets, than to deliver them from Earth. Many building materials could be obtained from Lunar rocks; and if hydrocarbons are discovered there, they could yield oxygen and water—essential for human life—and compounds for rocket fuel.

There are also very real prospects for the direct use—industrial and otherwise—of the Moon's natural resources on Earth. If precious metals and stones were found there, diamonds, say, or platinum, or new substances or minerals, it might become feasible to bring them back to Earth.

## What it looks like

Observations from Earth, and the landing of Lunar probes, lead scientists to assume that the first explorers on the Moon will see a desolate wilderness. In the Lunar "seas" they will find a flat country covered with pits of all sizes and littered with rock fragments large and small. The ground will resemble slag or tuff, and will be fairly firm under foot. The moonscape will be dark-brown bordering on black, and without plants, rivers, lakes, wind or

*Continued on page 92*





rain. And there will be absolute quiet.

Above them astronauts will see unblinking stars in an infinite black sky. The Sun and Earth will seem very bright, with Earth shrouded in a light blue halo. The illusion of a heavenly dome will persist, of course—man's eye cannot discern the differences in distances to various celestial bodies. So from the Moon, the stars, the Sun and Earth will seem to be distributed on an equidistant sphere centred on the observer.

At present the view is still encountered that objects in shadow on the Moon will be invisible, due to the absence of diffused light—an effect on Earth of its atmosphere. But that view is not quite correct. Though the Lunar sky never "shines"—being completely black—sunlit objects still radiate diffused light, however faint. The Lunar surface, it is estimated, reflects about seven per cent of the light that falls on it; therefore it should not be pitch-dark in the shadow of a mountain or of the wall of a crater.

It may be assumed, of course, that an astronaut who walks into the shadow will be invisible to companions remaining in sunlit areas some distance away. But a man going down into a crevice or a fissure should be able, after an interval for his eyes to become adapted, to distinguish objects around him in light reflected from the edge of the crevice facing the sun.

All these unusual sensations and experiences, however, may cause

mental and nervous strain in spacemen, especially during the first period on the Moon.

### Walking on the Moon

After landing on the Moon, astronauts will leave their spacecraft, wearing space suits to provide for normal life in vacuum conditions, to protect them from the effects of sudden temperature changes, from being hit by meteorites, and from radiation hazards.

The force of gravity on the Moon is one-sixth that on Earth, so a man weighing 154 pounds on Earth will weigh only 25.5 pounds on the Moon. His muscle power, however, will remain unchanged, and he will consequently be able to move about freely on the Moon even in a space suit which he would find cumbersome on Earth.

Ignoring the weight of the space suit, it can be said that an astronaut would be able to jump six times as high on the Moon, and six times as far as he can on Earth, while the impact on landing would be correspondingly smaller.

But will men be able to coordinate their movements properly when they first step down on to the Moon? In all probability they will not. The data available at present indicate that the changed conditions of gravity will affect their movements at first.

The relation between the reduction of weight and the constant mass of the body has to be taken into account. When lifting a limb on Earth by means of his muscles a man over-



Lunar vehicle—a preview of the future

comes the weight of the limb plus the inertia of its mass. To lift it on the Moon he will need much less effort; but with the movement patterns developed on Earth he will exert superfluous effort at first.

Research on special apparatus with simulated lunar gravity shows that slow walking presents no difficulty, but fast movements lead to loss of balance, and often to falls. On the other hand, subjects acquire an ability to perform front and back somersaults and other exercises that only good gymnasts can perform in normal conditions.

All this goes to show that the personnel of a lunar expedition will have to be thoroughly trained in the coordination of movements and in walking in reduced gravitation.

### What About the Brain?

It has been established that the Moon has no appreciable magnetic field. It follows, therefore, that magnetic compasses will be of no use to explorers for plotting their bearings. They will have to orient themselves by heavenly bodies, or use instruments based on principles other than magnetism.

Even more important is the fact that the magnetic field will cease to have an effect on man, both on the Moon itself, and on flights to it or to planets.

All living things on Earth have evolved in, and are constantly affected by, its magnetic field. So the question naturally arises whether the absence of a field will affect man psychologically. For an

answer we have to turn to magnetobiology, a new science now developing.

Statistical evidence suggests that during magnetic storms, when the intensity and frequency of the terrestrial magnetic field change rapidly, the number of nervous and psychiatric cases increases, and also the death rate among them.

Research in this field by the Soviet scientist Vladimir Desyatov is very interesting. He correlated statistics on suicides and road accidents between 1954 and 1964 with the powerful solar flares of that period. These flares are known to be accompanied by violent magnetic storms on Earth.

"It seems," he reports, "that individuals with weak nervous systems, and chronic alcoholics, feel extremely depressed after solar flares. As a result the number of suicides on the day after flares is four or five times greater than during quiet periods. Reasons for suicide which seem insignificant during the quiet Sun, appear to become compelling in post-flare days." The number of motor car accidents also rises on the day after solar flares, to nearly four times the figure for quiet periods.

A great many experiments on animals of different kinds, suggest that electromagnetic fields of widely varying frequencies influence the nerve structure and trigger off many reactions in the living organism.

The terrestrial magnetic field oscillates from eight to 16 times a second. Scientists assume that the basic rhythms of the action potentials of the brain—so-called alpha

rhythms, which vary within the same frequency range—are associated with the pulsation of the Earth's field.

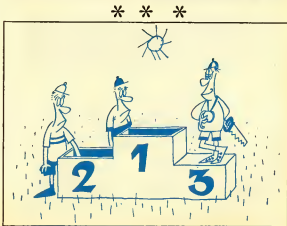
Chaotic changes in frequency of the field during a magnetic storm may impose alien rhythms on the processes taking place in living organisms, and distort normal information processes. The healthy human nervous system is known to adapt well to various environment changes, but when it is exhausted or affected by illness it becomes sensitive to adverse influences in the environment. A weakened nervous system fails to cope with such stresses and the result is a nervous ailment, or the aggravation of an existing one.

This hypothesis of the effect of the

magnetic field on the rhythmic activity of the brain requires experimental support, of course. If it is confirmed, astronauts leaving Earth's magnetic field may be expected to reveal psycho-physiological disorders.

In our view, however, the absence of a magnetic field on the Moon will not have any serious effect on the psycho-physiological processes in man, since his biochemical reactions, through the millions of years that living beings have been evolving on Earth, have developed stable rhythms.

Even if the hypothesis is confirmed, mankind will not, for all that, be deterred from exploring outer space and, in particular, the Moon.





*This is the photograph that served as the prototype for the woodcut reproduced below.*



*(Continuing)*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*I would be interested to read about the every-day life of an average woman and her family in the Soviet Union.*

*(Mrs.) Noreen Hall,  
Willagee, Western Australia*

\*Mrs. Q. Hall's request is answered on page 158.

*Heartfelt thanks to the producers of SPUTNIK. They have succeeded in publishing the most topical and well-presented magazine on Soviet affairs at present available.*

*SPUTNIK is destined to play a very important and worthwhile part in encouraging friendly and peaceful relations between the peoples of the Soviet Union and all who are fortunate enough to come into contact with this gem of a digest.*

*L. R. Reid,  
Auckland, New Zealand*

*How's about some more spy stories from you folks in future issues of SPUTNIK?*

*Peter Van Note,  
New York, USA*

\*We are now looking for cloaks and daggers.

*continued on page 134*



## Alexei Bushkin

Alexei Bushkin's colleagues have nicknamed him "Master of Colour". There are ample grounds for that: 10 medals (five of them gold) and 20 diplomas at numerous international photographic exhibitions.

It was in 1914, when he was ten, that he was first fascinated by photography. As a schoolboy, and then as a printworker, he devoted much time and effort to his hobby. Soon the hobby had to become his profession, for lead-poisoning made him leave the printshop and his trade union got him a job as a press photographer.

Since then Alexei Bushkin, some of whose photographs are reproduced in the following pages\*, has been working with the ardour of a man in love with his hobby and the skill of an expert.

\*Pp. 98-99: *Thunderstorm*, 1960. Bronze medal at exhibition *Interpressphoto-66*. P. 101: *Oranges*, 1964.









*Souvenir for many family albums, taken on the bank of the Sheksna, Cherepovets*

## COLD WATER

Ivan Pavlov, a noted physiologist, is enthusiastic about the Russian custom of dipping in a hole in the ice in the dead of winter. He says it gives the cells a good shake-up, and is most beneficial.

Take Field Marshal Suvorov, 1730-1800, the famous soldier. Like Peter the Great, he devoted much attention to the physical hardening of the army, but he also hardened himself. No matter how cold it was he never wore gloves, to say nothing of a greatcoat. In the bath-house he would steam himself on the shelf and then have ten buckets of cold water

# TO HARDEN YOUR BODY



*There's no snow where Kamgibek Zakirov comes from—hot, sunny Uzbekistan, and the northern Russian winter in Cherepovets is a novelty to be relished*

doused over him, two at a time. He would go naked hours on end to accustom himself to the cold.

Back in 1847 a military surgeon, Lomovsky, wrote a monograph on the use of cold water for hardening the human body.

So here's to the walrus—portrayed on the following pages—disporting themselves in the icy water. It is good to see them hardening their bodies. But most of us would rather stay on shore.

*condensed from the weekly Nedelya*





*Nothing like a good rub down  
in the snow afterwards*

*"They'll never beat the Russians!" exclaimed Sir Winston Churchill, when he saw Muscovites tucking into ice-cream in the street in the depths of winter. What would he have said of this spectacle?*





## WALRUSIFICATION



## WALRUSIFICATION by Nikolai TARASOV

"The Russians can stand extreme heat: in bath-houses, they lie on bunks, and have their bodies flogged and scrubbed with bundles of birch twigs, something I myself could not stand; then, when they are all red from this heat . . . they rush out naked and douse themselves with cold water; in winter, they run out of the bath-house and roll in the snow, and then go back into the hot bath. This sharp change from heat to cold does them no harm at all, because they are habituated to it from childhood . . . That is why the Russians are a tough, strong and hardy people who take frost and heat in their stride."

That was the opinion of Adam Olearii, a German who many years ago left extensive descriptions of Russia.

Nor is that the first, or only, testimonial to the state of health of our ancestors. For centuries they amazed travellers. There was the English Minister James Fletcher, who came to Russia in 1588; the Dutchman Konrad von Klenck, who toured Russia in 1676, and the Parisians who watched Russian grenadier guards swim in the Seine in the winter of 1717. At the time, Peter the Great was visiting the capital of France, and he ordered a bath-house

erected on the bank of the Seine. After the ritual inside, the Russians soldiers cooled themselves in the icy waters of the river.

We find, therefore, that this hot-and-cold training is a very old and widespread pastime. The Walrus Movement or bathing in ice-holes followed a different course. This is the highest form of hot-and-cold training, and it first became popular less than 50 years ago. Initially, the Walruses were ignored both by sports clubs and doctors. Thousands of them, from Kamchatka to the Carpathians, and from the Arctic to the Black Sea, plunged into holes in the ice, rubbed themselves with snow and underwent the hot treatment of the bath-houses, without benefit of medical advice.

From 1955 on, Walrus Clubs sprang up all over the country. One of the first was formed in Moscow, with large ones in Cherepovets, Nizhny-Tagil and Leningrad. In Cherepovets, the Walrus Club is more than 300 strong, with the age of members ranging from 15 to 58. They are mostly workers in the steel mill's hot shops.

The number of these groups is increasing. They have now been set up in Minsk, Gorky, Astrakhan, Sa-

ratov, Irkutsk, Vologda, Dnepropetrovsk, Sarapul, Novosibirsk, Kirov, Kiev and Tallinn. Now the question has arisen of working out scientific principles for winter bathing.

The country's first scientific conference on cold training and winter swimming was held in Minsk in 1966 with 356 delegates representing more than 10,000 members of Walrus Clubs.

Economist Pleshkevich, of Minsk, was first to translate the benefits of cold training into figures. In conjunction with Professor Loginov, D.Sc. (Biol.), he circulated a questionnaire among 240 Walruses in 84 cities. The results of the poll were analysed:

Age: under 20—6.7 per cent; 20 to 30 age group—32.9 per cent; 30 to 40—34.1 per cent; 40 to 50—15 per cent; 50 to 60—9.2 per cent, and over 60—2.1 per cent. Cold training seems to appeal to every age. More than half the Walruses are from 20 to 40 years old—from the most active part of the population.

**Benefits:** Reports from those polled showed that before they started cold training they had been ill an average of 3.9 times a year, including 3.0 times from colds. The figures changed with the start of cold training: overall average, 0.1 times; colds, 0.04 times.

This appears to give this unorthodox pastime something of national importance. The benefits of "Walrusification" are obvious. The point is how to place it within reach of all.

◀ *These hardy—or foolhardy, depending on your point of view—types are Moscow's "walruses". Lesser mortals look on, overdressed in fur hats and padded coats*

*At Saratov they have to cut a hole through into the Volga to accommodate the local "walruses"*



by Igor DOLGOPOLOV

from the magazine  
*OGONYOK*

# ENCORE, ENCORE!

*The Particular  
Bride.*  
1847. Oils.



**Pavel Fedotov  
(1815-1852),  
a great artist,  
had a short life,  
which was illumined  
by one consuming  
passion.  
In a moment  
of clarity  
at a mental home,  
he gave  
this answer  
in a questionnaire  
on habits:  
"I have worked  
constantly.  
I have led  
a life  
of temperance,  
even continence."**

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Among the subjects taught at the military school were fortification, drill, horsemanship, scripture, literature, pure mathematics, dancing and, among other things, drawing. The rules said the cadets were to be confirmed in faith and piety.

The First Moscow Military School was a privileged institution for the sons of gentry, but Pavel Fedotov was enrolled not because he was rich—which he certainly was not, to put it mildly—but because of his father's excellent service record. Pavel was an honours student, and upon graduation led the roster of candidates for the palace guard. He went to the capital, St. Petersburg, a young man brimming with strength and vigour.

In the Finlandsky Regiment of the Royal Guard he soon won great popularity with his good humour, his ability to compose songs—and sing them himself—his kindness, and, most important, his drawings. He did portraits of regimental friends and it was said that he always produced a good likeness.

This proved to be an incentive for taking a serious interest in art. He attended evening classes at the Academy of Arts and tried his hand at water-colours. For one of these—a scene of military life—he received a diamond ring from the Grand Duke Mikhail, a brother of Czar Nicholas I.

But because of his keen sense of beauty, he was revolted by the grossly brutal and grasping life of the capital. And he was very poor, something a guard's officer could not conceal for long.

His consuming passion for art and his poverty finally made him take the plunge: in 1840, Captain Fedotov applied for retirement at the age of 25. He went to live the life of a hermit in a small flat on Vasilyevsky

Island, and was soon forgotten by his friends. At last, he was alone with his unquenchable urge to divine the secrets of painting.

The famous painter Bruilov once said to him: "You can try your hand at it, if you like. There's a great deal that a strong will, consistency and hard work will do. But you're 25, and it's much too late to master the mechanics, the techniques of art, and what can you hope to do without

that, however vivid your imagination and great your talent?"

For seven years Fedotov was moved by a single purpose. His day was one sustained effort, and followed a stringent time-table. He got up at dawn, took a cold bath regardless of the weather, and was off on a walk through the town, leaving at home his sleeping batman, Korshunov, who had elected to follow his master into retirement. For hours on

*Portrait of the pianist Zhdanovich*



end he strolled the streets, talking with strangers in an effort to get a deeper insight into life.

Back home, he spent the rest of the day sketching in a kind of frenzy. The results soon came: his draughtsmanship improved, his lines became simpler and more economical.

He appeared to spend no time at all on recreation and his life was one "furious effort", as one of his few friends put it. He had not yet earned a kopeck by his works, because he did not believe any of them to be quite ready for a public showing. As a retired captain, he had a modest allowance from the Treasury, and he sent half of it to his father and sisters in Moscow.

He shunned love, and no women ever visited his bleak home. He used to say: "I cannot love both art and woman: two lives I have no strength to live."

In 1846 and 1847, he produced his *New Suitor*, and *The Particular Bride*. Together with *The Major's Proposal*, which followed immediately, these two canvases are usually regarded as marking the birth of a highly original artist. When Brullov saw them, he told the shy young painter: "You have left me behind."

His triumph was celebrated in St. Petersburg and Moscow. He had unparalleled success at the Academy of Arts salon; he won national recognition and was made a member of the Academy.

On a visit to Moscow, he was well received in society and brimmed with the most radiant hopes: "My canvases are creating a furor. There is

*Encore, Encore!*  
1850-1851. Oils.

no end to new friendships and the warm and most joyful contacts. The city's leading personalities have shown concern about the fate of my father and widowed sister. With God's help, I hope, they will be provided for permanently."

But before the year was out, Fedotov was to discover the vanity of glory.

In 1848 revolution broke out in Europe. The thrones of European monarchs creaked and tottered. In Russia, these events had an instant and terrible echo: all who had power and money clutched at their privileges in fear ("They laid back their moneybags like rabbits their ears," said Fedotov). The official press joined the secret police in seeking out and bringing to light destructive and seditious ideas. The magazine *Severnaya Pchela* (Northern Bee) carried a government declaration, which contained the words:

"Let the nations of the West look to the revolution for the illusory welfare they seek. As for Russia, she awaits serenely the further development of her social order both through the workings of time and the sage concern of her czars."

That was the atmosphere in which Fedotov landed with his *New Suitor* and *The Major's Proposal*, and they smacked too strongly of satire not to affront the establishment.

*The Major's Proposal.*  
1848. Oils.



The extreme right-wing magazine, *Moskovityanin*, hastened to pin down the artist for his seditious art. It carried a lengthy article by Professor Leontiev, entitled "A Few Aesthetic Notes on Fedotov's Pictures", which declared that there was no room for the painter "in a Christian society".

Fedotov was cold shouldered by the high and mighty. Rich art patrons who had only recently come

forward in droves with large offers for his originals, and even for his copies, hastily backed out. Fedotov hadn't a kopeck to his name. He was in a desperate state.

He keenly felt the inhumanity of men, and he shuddered at the surrounding vulgarity and grossness. The atmosphere was stifling.

And that was when he produced *Encore, Encore!*

*Crying over Her Own Carelessness. Pencil.*



It shows a drunken officer in a gloomy smoke-filled little room wielding a cane and putting a pooodle through his paces. The air of all-pervading boredom is emphasized by the dull red-and-brown colour scheme. The ugly, squalid provincial world is a hell, where all hope is gone and where the anguished human soul is just as wretched as the hard-driven animal.

It is a wonder how Fedotov managed to make ends meet while working on the picture. His was literally a grinding poverty. He tried to earn by making copies of his own pictures, but an eye ailment made this agony. He was relieved from it by death on November 14, 1852.

Today his art is part of our daily life. Fedotov the man was mortal, Fedotov the painter is immortal.

*I Left my Purse at Home. Pencil.*





*Left: The Widow.*  
1851. Oils.

*The New Suitor.*  
1846. Oils.

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# TURN THAT NOISE DOWN

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Some day mankind will be forced to combat noise as resolutely as it combats cholera and plague.

*Robert KOCH*

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FROM NIVA

by Mikhail CHESKIN

## Music and Harvest

Sounds accompany man all his life and he would probably be unable to live in the absolute silence of the cosmic wilderness. The forest sounds and the humming of the sea surf, the rustle of foliage and the singing of birds—all these natural sounds have a soothing rather than tiring effect on the human system.

For this reason, tape recordings reproducing the sounds of rain, forest and sea are used at some sanatoriums instead of hypnotics to put patients into a calm, long sleep. One cannot help wondering if natural acoustic environment isn't actually a condition for the normal functioning of living organisms, particularly the human organism, along with oxygen and food.

It has been established that sound has a certain effect on plant tissue, which is known to possess no nervous system.

The Indian biologists Singh and Paniah have studied the effect of music on plants. Every morning they played tunes near a plant. Microscopic observations led to the discovery that vital processes in the leaf protoplasm were intensified.

A similar experiment was conducted by an American, George

Smith, who planted maize in two identical hothouses. In one house melodies were played round the clock—with amazing results. In the "musical" hothouse seedlings emerged earlier and the average weight of the stalks was 20 per cent more than that of the controls.

Next spring, Smith planted maize on two plots some distance from each other and installed a loudspeaker on a telegraph pole near one of them. The crop grew better on the "musically treated" plot. It was found that the temperature of the soil in direct proximity of the loudspeaker was two degrees higher than on the rest of the plot.

It was also noted, however, that the leaves of plants close to the loudspeaker were damaged.

The following year, Smith spread the experiment over four plots. The first was "musically treated" as in the previous year. The second was the control plot. On the third, he placed a generator of monotonous high-frequency sounds (1,800 oscillations per second), and on the fourth, a generator of low-frequency sounds (450 oscillations per second). He obtained 328 ears from the "low-frequency" plot, 300 ears from the "high-fre-



quency" and 287 ears from the "musical" plot. Only 269 ears were obtained from the control plot. The low sounds prevalent in nature, Smith concluded, are the most beneficial for plant growth.

George Smith gives the following explanation for his findings: Sound waves are a kind of energy, and energy influences living cells. It is known that sound waves may destroy cells. It is not to be ruled out, however, that sound energy may also have a favourable effect on cells under certain circumstances. It is likely that sound energy increases the molecular activity of the soil, thus raising its temperature and influencing micro-organisms.

#### Noise the Killer

A strange thing happened at a poultry farm near Leningrad in the spring of 1963: all ponds and streams were covered with feathers. It turned out that the birds were shedding feathers, as a result of a bulldozer clattering away noisily for two days in the vicinity of the farm.

Noisy milking machines and even noisy milkmaids have been identified as a factor reducing milk yields. Yields have been brought back to normal by restoring quiet. Because noise reduces the weight gain in pigs, no noisy operations are allowed near pigsties.

The noise produced by a jet plane kills bee larvae and has a depressant effect on adult bees. A carnation placed near a radio set turned on at full volume will immediately wither.

The destructive effects of sound

can be used to protect plants from pests. In Canada 50-kilocycle sounds effectively dealt with caterpillars of corn-borers. High-frequency sounds have been used to control mosquitoes—oscillations of 200 kilocycles destroy their respiratory systems.

In the summer of 1966 researchers in the city of Gorky carried out a number of experiments on dogs and rabbits to study the effect of different sounds on the animal body. They measured arterial pressure, recorded action potentials of the brain and heart in dogs and took electroencephalograms of rabbits.

It was established that all the test animals showed the same response, which went through three phases—depression followed by some excitement and again depression, this time much more pronounced. Prolonged exposure to intensive noise resulted in a marked change in arterial pressure and affected the functioning of the heart.

#### Enemy of Long Life

Since noise has such an adverse influence on plants and animals, it must also affect the human body. Investigations in the USSR and abroad reveal that the "invisible enemy" hits more than the ear. It is responsible for many diseases, including cardiovascular afflictions.

Noise has a highly unfavourable effect on the entire physique, preventing concentration, slowing down mental reactions, causing tension and rapid fatigue and interfering with the metabolism.

We know of cases of a sudden,

abrupt noise causing blindness, stammering or even fits of epilepsy, particularly in children.

Scientists believe noise to be one of the worst enemies of long life. Noise comes from different sources, the main culprit being technical advance.

Before the 1917 Revolution, draught animals accounted for 99 per cent of Russia's power resources. Today their share is as low as 3 per cent, while the remaining 97 per cent is accounted for by machinery of all kinds.

In the next few years, collective and state farms expect to receive another two million tractors and a great number of other farm machines and implements. It is proposed to put another 200 models of machines into production, and this will naturally increase noise and inevitably tell on the health of millions. Noise control in the country thus becomes an urgent necessity.

In the countryside, noise strikes out most at tractor and harvester drivers and operators of threshers and fodder grinders.

According to Soviet statistics, tractors and harvesters, when not moving, produce an average noise of 85 decibels. On the move, gears and wheels or tracks add another 16-19 decibels. Caterpillar diesel tractors generate 6-12 decibels more than petrol-powered tractors on wheels.

Measures are being taken now to reduce the intensity of noise created by machines. Thus, the state board withheld approval of self-propelled combine harvester Model SK-4 be-

cause vibration of the control levers exceeded the permissible level, exposing the driver to a noise of 102 decibels, while the top limit is 75. The designers had to remove the defects.

#### Reduce Noise in the Countryside!

The city-dweller may smile at complaints about traffic noise in villages, but increasing numbers of country people are being annoyed by noise. The once romanticized "rural quiet" is being nudged out of existence by the roar of engines. Just as they did centuries ago, roads cut through the centres of villages, but now they carry huge tractors and heavy-duty lorries. Motorcycles, scooters and mopeds add to this tumult. There are also the low-flying agricultural planes, and loudspeakers perched on clubhouses or telegraph poles which are on from morning till night.

In big cities, loudspeakers have been banished from the streets. Most streets are closed to heavy lorries while tractors are not allowed to enter a town at all. Similar measures should be taken in rural communities in order to protect the people's health. Highways should be moved at least 500 yards from the residential districts.

In time well-built urban-type settlements will appear in place of the villages of today. These new communities will enjoy all modern services and cultural facilities. It is our duty to preserve the charms of country life: pure air, an abundance of greenery and soothing quiet.





## *A present for Charlie Chaplin*

It looks like no ordinary Turkmen rug. Instead of the traditional national designs, a pattern representing rows of film strip forms the background. A portrait of Charlie Chaplin is in the centre and below that a camera on a tripod and the world's continents make bright splashes of colour.

Annatach and Juma Rejepov, employees of the *Turkmen Rugs* firm in Ashkhabad, sent the rug to Chaplin as a token of their gratitude and admiration for his art.

The Rejepovs wove this unique rug at home in the evenings and on days off on their own, hand-made loom.

Some time later Annatach and Juma Rejepov received the letter reproduced below, from Chaplin.

Dear Dr. Rejepova,

I was very much moved by your beautiful present, and shall keep it as a memento of the kindness, the goodness, and the appreciation of your generous self.

I can assure you that it will be a source of inspiration for my future work - work which I optimistically hope to continue for a long time yet.

It is unfortunate that our meeting was so brief, but then language is quite a barrier and distracts a little from the comfort of everyone concerned, especially when one wants to express deep appreciation for your splendid and most generous gift.

My love to your family,

Yours sincerely

*Charlie Chaplin*



by Valeri KADJAYA  
 from the magazine  
 NAUKA I ZHIZN  
 (Science and Life)

# HELP FOR THE STERILE

When a Brazilian Airlines plane crashed into the sea a few miles off Rio de Janeiro in 1963, one passenger, a twelve-year-old girl travelling without a ticket, was caught without a life-jacket. Another passenger, Professor Iosif Jordania, an eminent Soviet scientist, handed over his own, so sacrificing his life, for he could not swim.

A tribute was paid to the professor's memory by giving his name to the Institute of Physiology and Pathology of Women founded in 1959 in Tbilisi, capital of Soviet Georgia. The Institute is primarily concerned with the treatment of infertility, the field in which Professor Jordania specialized.

## What Causes Sterility?

Who is mainly responsible when no children are born of a marriage—the husband or wife? There is no cut-and-dried answer. In New York, for instance, there are 40 barren women to 60 sterile men, while a converse ratio has been recorded in Tbilisi—65 women to 35 men. One distinguished Soviet specialist in this sphere, Iosif Porudominsky, believes that nature overall maintains an equilibrium, and that the number of infertile men and women is equal.

At the Jordania Institute there is a

clinic specifically concerned with the study and treatment of sterility in men, the only one of its kind in the Soviet Union.

A man's ability to reproduce his kind depends on the quantity and quality of his sperm. If his semen contains no sperm at all, science can do nothing for him as things stand at present. In some cases there are the normal number, but they are not sufficiently rigorous to fertilize the ovum. Whether this is so can be checked by a simple test: if within a few hours after a sample of semen has been taken for examination the sperm are motionless it means that the man is infertile but may respond to treatment.

This trouble arises because the sex apparatus is not functioning properly, which is often due to a disturbance of the neurocrine system. Of one hundred men who consulted the Institute in connection with sterility, all were found to suffer from some disorder of the adrenal glands, while seventy also had thyroid trouble.

So Tenghiz Begiashvili, head of the laboratory studying sterility in men, decided to start by putting to rights the other endocrine glands, such as the thyroid, and only after that to deal with the genital glands. The whole treatment takes about one and a

half years and consists of a number of 25-day courses with one month intervals between. Of the 44 men who have so far completed the treatment 28 have been entirely cured and are the fathers of normal healthy children.

Some men and women are hopelessly sterile from birth. This is when Nature plays tricks at the moment of conception, giving the fertilized egg the wrong number of chromosomes—instead of the normal



*Symbol of motherhood—emblem of the Georgian Institute of Physiology and Pathology of Women*

46 there may be 45 or 47. If the extra or missing chromosome is one that determines sex the individual will be sterile, and nothing can be done about it.

The condition can be determined at birth by a simple test which is at present obligatory only in Tbilisi, and is carried out in the cytogenetic laboratory of the Jordania Institute. It is a vital test, and should be universal, for children born with the wrong number of chromosomes are retarded in mental and physical development, but if measures are

taken in time they develop normally (apart from their reproductive capacity).

But what can be done if a man is hopelessly sterile, while he and his wife are anxious to have a child? Adoption of somebody else's child is the usual procedure. Now there is also the possibility of artificial insemination.

Several years ago Iosif Jordania proposed practising artificial insemination in the Soviet Union. Three women—with their full consent, of course—were inseminated with sperm obtained from carefully selected donors. The children—two girls and one boy—are developing normally. Scientists continue working in this field.

The most widespread forms of infertility in women that are responsive to treatment are obstruction of the Fallopian tubes and disorders of the ovaries. The more common of these (80 per cent) is the former. It follows inflammations due to various causes, including artificial abortions in a first pregnancy. Even the most careful surgery may introduce bacterial infection into the tubes, causing inflammation and, ultimately, occlusion.

This type of infertility is dealt with in two stages. First the inflammatory process must be eliminated—usually by treating with adrenal hormones in combination with antibiotics. Lately Professor Jamal Tsitsishvili, Director of the Jordania Institute, and Raissa Kalashnikova, one of the institute's research workers, have been using rheopyrin for this purpose

Drawings by Leonid Lamm and Leonid Mechnikov



with results that have exceeded all expectations. This drug has proved particularly effective in the treatment of acute inflammations.

The second stage is rather more complicated: adhesions have to be eliminated to clear the Fallopian tubes. Georgian doctors employ a method of "washing out" the tubes in conjunction with hormone therapy. An original apparatus has been designed at the Institute for this treatment, enabling the medicinal preparation to be injected into the tubes under pressure. At the beginning no more than 17.6 per cent of women so treated were completely

cured, but by 1966 this figure had increased to 55.8 per cent. World health statistics show only 25-30 per cent of cures in the best clinics of all countries.

It is difficult to reach the correct diagnosis when the trouble is disturbance of the ovarian function, and tests must be carried out over a period of 5-6 weeks. Disorders of this type are treated with hormone preparations. Many women who have undergone the full course of treatment have later conceived and given birth to normal babies. A method for preventing miscarriages has also been evolved at the Institute.

## Letters

to  
the  
Editor

### THOUGHTS TO DIGEST

by *Concordias* (George H. Peck)  
South Harrow, England

What is the book I now peruse  
It's printed there in many hues  
In reds, in green and pinks and blues  
A face on front I know not whose  
In which is beauty in repose  
This is the volume that I choose  
For a short time myself I lose  
I read and seek; digest the news  
Writers, poets air their views  
And publish for us their reviews  
Unknown names, giving no clues.  
I cannot contrive one single ruse.  
And sitting here with no excuse  
To shod my slippers, put on shoes  
I read and take a world-wide cruise  
Maybe the hermit or recluse  
Who sits alone is wise to use  
His time to dream. Do not refuse  
To answer nor send cruel abuse.  
Meanwhile, some tea, a gentle snooze  
I've striven hard, friends, to amuse.  
"Receive from us the Editors"  
enthusiastic, heartiest thank yous.

continued from Page 97

*If it is not too much trouble, could you send me original Russian recipe of Boeuf Stroganoff?*

Horst E. Neumann,  
Browns Mills, N.J., USA

#### BOEUF STROGANOFF

*Ingredients for four portions:*

1½ lb. beef (fillet steak or sirloin)  
2 onions  
½ glass sour cream  
1 tbs. flour  
3 tbs. butter  
Salt and pepper to taste

*Wash meat, remove tendons and cut into small pieces. Beat these out and then cut into small strips. Chop onion finely and fry until golden brown. Add meat seasoned with salt and pepper and fry on a moderate gas for 5-6 minutes, stirring from time to time. Sprinkle meat with flour, mix in well and fry for another 2-3 minutes. Add sour cream, and additional salt if desired, and simmer for another 2-3 minutes.*

*Excellent served with fried potatoes. Both meat and potatoes will look particularly appetizing if garnished with chopped fennel or parsley leaves.*

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

... from these two wide boys  
at the Obraztsov Puppet Theatre  
in Moscow.



\*\*\*\*\*



# BURNS

## THE NATURALIZED

### RUSSIAN



This article on Scotland's national poet is written by Gabriel Feldman, a Moscow school teacher who is in charge of the Pushkin-Burns Club in Moscow, originally formed some years ago among secondary school children. Its scope and activities have since broadened considerably. Among its achievements is the publication of a book, *The Immortal Memory*, in Russian and English, in conjunction with the Foreign Literature Library and the USSR-Great Britain Society. The book contains tributes to Burns by members of the Club.

As he lay dying from his wound, the famous Russian poet Pushkin turned to his books and murmured quietly: "Farewell, friends . . ." Among those friends was a volume of poems by Robert Burns, published in Edinburgh in 1787. The leaves were cut only up to page 22—for despite his interest in Scots literature Pushkin found the Scottish vernacular difficult.

The first prose translation of Burns in Russian appeared in 1800, four years after the poet's death. In 1829 the blind poet Ivan Kozlov made the first translations into verse. Mikhail Lermontov also did some fine verse translations, albeit extremely free ones.

Later on, in the mid-nineteenth century, the revolutionary poet Mikhail Mikhailov, highly impressed by the

democratic sentiments, lyricism and vitality of Burns' poetry, did a number of superb translations: *John Anderson, My Jo, John Barleycorn, To a Mountain Daisy, To a Mouse, and The Ploughman*.

Vissarion Belinsky, an eminent Russian revolutionary democrat, named Burns, alongside Shakespeare and the English romantic poets, as one of those whose names and works formed part of the rich treasury of lyrical poetry.

Burns was a wellspring of pure poetry—this was the opinion expressed by Ivan Turgenev in a letter to Nikolai Nekrasov, the poet. He added: "I am sure you will be delighted by Burns and will enjoy translating his poems."

Unfortunately Nekrasov was not

able to make a start on this work.

To mark the centenary of Burns' death, a collection of forty of his poems, translated by contemporary Russian poets, was published in 1897. This was the first such edition in Russia. A second edition was published seven years later.

Among those who have translated Burns in Soviet times are poets Eduard Bagritsky and Tatyana Shchepkina-Kupernik, who succeeded in conveying to Russian readers the full charm of a number of hitherto untranslated verses of Burns.

But it was when Samuel Marshak, poet and translator, began working on Burns' poetry that the national poet of Scotland really experienced a

renaissance on Russian soil.

Marshak began translating Burns in 1924, when he was 37. By then he was already a mature poet himself, a man with a tremendous knowledge and understanding of the art. He devoted much of his time over the next forty years, with the result that the poetry of the Scottish bard is now widely available to the Russian reader.

It is interesting to note that in 1936 a Soviet literary scholar affirmed that "there can be no question of an exact translation, an exact reproduction of Burns' metre and rhythm and at the same time a thoroughly accurate conveyal of his idea".

Marshak rejected this approach,

which was that of mediocrities who had tried their hand at poetic translation. They missed the essence of the verse, scrutinized the text word by word and became—as the Russian poet Vassili Zhukovsky aptly put it—the slaves rather than the rivals of the original.

Instead, Marshak went right into the great world of Burns; he not only opened up that world to the modern reader, making it interesting and understandable to him, but he managed to reproduce the feel of the epoch, the style of the poet and heartbeat of his work, with all its moods, joyful and sorrowful.

By his untiring and inspired effort to understand all the nuances of the Scottish eighteenth century vernacular

—incidentally Burns' present-day compatriots do not all understand it—Marshak succeeded, in the words of Kornei Chukovsky, the Soviet writer, in making Burns a naturalized Russian.

During the last world war Soviet army soldiers at the front carried Marshak's volume of Burns in their knapsacks along with works by Pushkin, Mayakovsky and other favourites.

Burns is now known in all parts of the Soviet Union. Soviet readers love his sly humour, his biting satire, his tender lyricism, his passionate love of freedom and deep faith in the reign of peace on earth.

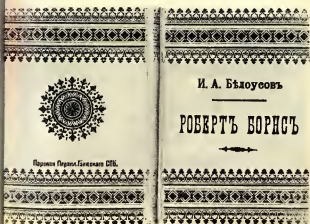
"At the very beginning of 1912 I went to study in England, having



*Left: Blind Russian poet Ivan Kozlov, the first to translate Burns into Russian (portrait executed in 1833)*



*Binding for an edition of Burns' poems published in Russia in 1904*





reached agreement with several newspapers and magazines on sending material. Soon after our arrival I and my wife Sofia entered London University. I became a student in the arts faculty and she in the faculty of exact sciences.

"In my faculty the English language, its history and the history of English literature were compulsory subjects. We devoted particularly much time to Shakespeare, but all the same I grew to love English poetry, most of all from the books in the University library. In that crowded room, close-packed with book-cases and having a view of the busy Thames, teeming with barges, I first made the acquaintance of those works I later translated—

Shakespeare's sonnets, and the poems of Blake, Burns, Keats, Browning and Kipling. . .

"I began the translations in England, working in that quiet library. And I did not do it as a commission, but out of love—just as I wrote my own lyrical poems. I was first of all drawn to the English and Scottish folk ballads, to William Blake, poet of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, who won fame and a place among the classics many years after his death, and his contemporary Robert Burns, national poet of Scotland, who died in the eighteenth century."

**Samuel Marshak**

*(from the article "About Myself")*



*Samuel Marshak, Soviet poet and translator (right), visiting Burns' cottage in August 1959, talks with Tom Muir, the curator (left), and John Gray, Honorary President of the World Federation of Burns Clubs*



*Robert Burns, a two volume edition of the poet's works published in 1963. Translations are by Samuel Marshak, and design by Vladimir Favorsky*

"Robert Burns is a rare and amazing phenomenon in poetry. Son of a Scottish peasant, and a peasant himself, he often composed verses in the field as he worked. His poetry is striking evidence of the tremendous creative powers of the people."

**Alexander Tvardovsky**

\* \* \*

The book *Robert Burns* (Marshak's translation), to which new additions have constantly been made, has run into seven editions, with a total imprint of 275,000. In Soviet times there have been 24 editions of Burns' works altogether, with a total imprint of 853,000. They have appeared in various languages of

the Soviet Union, including Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian, Georgian, Bashkirian, Moldavian and Estonian.

\* \* \*

Burns' biography, written by Rita Wright-Kovaleva, the well-known translator, for the "Lives of Famous People" Series, has reached a third edition with a total imprint of 220,000. A monograph on Burns' work by Professor Anna Elistratova has also been published in the Soviet Union.

\* \* \*

Burns—in Marshak's translations—has provided inspiration for many Soviet composers, among them Shostakovich and Kabalevsky.



A recording of nine romances of Burns (Marshak's translations) set to music by Georgi Sviridov is extremely popular; these romances are widely sung by two well-known singers—Artur Eizen and Alexander Vedernikov.

Concert readings of Burns are always assured of good audiences.

\* \* \*

Samuel Marshak was in Scotland several times, visiting the farm at Ellisland and the small cottage built by Burns' own hands.

Emrys Hughes, Labour M.P. and author, who accompanied Marshak

on these tours of the Burns country, has remarked upon the amazing knowledge exhibited by his Soviet friend, even on his first visit to Scotland, of the places associated with Burns. Hughes often says that he felt like the visitor with Marshak as volunteer guide.

Marshak was popular with the Scots and was elected honorary President of the Federation of Burns Clubs. In Moscow he was constantly receiving visitors from Scotland, and a great deal of correspondence, too.

As Emrys Hughes put it, Marshak was the finest unofficial ambassador the USSR had in Scotland.



Some interesting postage stamps appeared in Latvia early this century. Owing to a paper shortage they were printed on rejected military maps. So each Latvian stamp of the first issue has the country's national emblem on its face and several square inches of its map on the back.

### 216,000 ton bouquet

The Soviet Union leads the world in the production of attar of rose. Its factories prepare essential oils from basil, rose geranium, coriander, lavender, peppermint, rose, clary sage and other plants. In 1966, 1,400 tons of essential oils were produced for which 216,000 tons of aromatic plants were required.



from VYSHKA,  
Azerbaijan

# Great Pretenders

*History abounds with stories of doubles and pretenders, and personages who "lived" twice. Novelists have found the theme for books in them, like Leon Feuchtwanger's "The False Nero". Historians have argued about them, giving credence to some, and rejecting others. Men have died following pretenders who seemed to embody their hopes. Occasionally the sham figure has been greater than the original. Russian history is rich in such stories, in which fiction and fact, falsehood and truth, are inextricably mingled.*

by Alexander GORBOVSKY

from the magazine  
NAUKA I ZHIZN  
(Science and Life)

### The False Sons of Ivan the Terrible

News of the strange death—or was it murder?—in Uglich of Dmitri, the little son of Ivan the Terrible, gave rise to a spate of rumours. The Czarovich was still alive, it was said. Loyal friends were protecting him from the intrigues of Boris Godunov, who was then ruling Russia. Under the protection of Polish sabres, a man calling himself the Czarovich Dmitri entered Moscow. He is known in history as the False Dmitri. When he died, however, the legend did not die with him. A second, and even a third, False Dmitri appeared.

As time passed, a whole band of false sons of False Dmitris began to

come forward. In 1644 one turned up in Constantinople as the Czarovich Ivan Dmitrievich; another pretended son of Dmitri showed up in Poland.

Later still, in the time of Vassili Shuisky, a Czarovich Augustus, allegedly the son of Ivan the Terrible, made himself known in Astrakhan. But he had a rival in the same area in the Czarovich Lavrenti—not the son, but the grandson, of Ivan.

Then other "grandsons" sprang up like mushrooms in the tents of the nomads of the Volga steppes, all "sons" of the childless Fyodor Ioannovich, Ivan's son who succeeded him—Czarovich Fyodor, Czarovich Klementi, Czaroviches Saveli, Semyon, Vassili, Yeroshka,



Portrait of one of the False Dmitris. The inscription reads: Dmitri the Great, Prince of Moscow, Emperor of Russia"

Gavrila and Martyn. Small wonder that when the peasant revolt led by Stepan Razin broke out, there was a spurious son of Czar Alexei Mikhailovich with Razin, and also a sham Patriarch Nikon.

#### How Many Lives Had Peter III?

In the eighteenth century Russia was ravaged by wars, drought, and famine. Pilgrims wandered through the villages predicting that the end of the world was nigh. It was rumoured that the former Czar Peter III had been murdered by Catherine the Great's lovers. But from house to house, and inn to inn, the talk went that the Little Father was not dead at all, but was hiding and waiting his chance to march with the people against the lords.

Then, in 1765, he appeared among the people. When he was caught, the "czar" turned out to be Gavriila Kremnev, a deserter from the army.

When the case of the pretended czar was reported to Catherine, she decided "it was done not with forethought or any idea of consideration, but only from drunkenness, unruliness and ignorance". Therefore Gavriila Kremnev was only flogged, branded and exiled to Siberia.

The harsher the punishment, the more tenaciously the secret belief persisted that the czar was in hiding. When the Don Cossack Pugachev began his uprising, for many he was none other than Peter III. When house serfs of the nobility were flogged in Moscow for talking about Pugachev, they cried out under the knout: "Czar Peter Fyodorovich lives." And

although Pugachev was publicly executed in Moscow, Peter III stubbornly refused to die.

The spectre of the dead emperor haunted Russia, appearing in the flesh of his doubles now among the peasants, now among the Cossacks, now among the soldiers. Even the Skoptsy—a Russian sect whose members practised castration—had their Peter III in Kondrati Selivanov, one of their religious leaders. This was far from the last shape assumed by the murdered emperor's ghost. Indeed, it is quite safe to say that after his death Peter "lived" a much longer and much more varied life.

Not satisfied with the vast spaces of the Russian Empire, Peter III crossed its borders and appeared in Montenegro. "He was of medium height", one of his contemporaries wrote, "thin and pale, his face pock-marked, and a thick mane of hair falling across his brow, covering his eyes."

Many people, however, also knew him as Stefan. A certain Captain Tanovich, who had lived in St. Petersburg, and who had seen Peter III there, testified on oath that the man known as Stefan, and Peter III, were one and the same person. The monk Theodosius, who had also seen the emperor, affirmed the same thing. The last doubts were dispelled when a picture of the emperor was found in a monastery. It was decided that the copy and the original were as like as two peas.

A deputation of leading Montenegrins came to the door of the small house where Stefan lived, and begged

"Peter III" to agree to rule in Montenegro. What would any other small-time adventurer have done in his place? Accepted immediately, I suppose. Stefan, however, tore the petition up and threw it at the feet of the deputation, and refused to accept the kingdom until hostility and strife were suppressed. After that gesture no one doubted any longer that the man who was going to rule Montenegro was in fact the Russian emperor.

In January 1768, at a general assembly of the people in the town of Cetinje, Stefan was acclaimed as the Russian Emperor Peter III: but he continued to call himself simply Stefan. That was how he signed state papers: "Stefan, lowly with the low, good with the good, evil with the evil." He has passed down in history as Stefan the Lowly.

The reign of the "Russian Emperor Peter III" in Montenegro lasted six years. Stefan proved an able statesman, who tried to be fair and to do everything he could to help the common people. The country was freed from internal dissension, and once he succeeded by a stratagem in presenting a threatened Turkish invasion. The "Russian emperor" ordered great barracks to be built for the Russian officers and soldiers who were alleged to be coming shortly to help the Montenegrins. He rightly counted that this would immediately become known to the Turkish pasha through spies, and so it was.

Stefan was not mistaken in thinking that there were Turkish spies in



Siberian hermit, Fyodor Kuzmich, who is believed to have been the double of Alexander I

Document was found among Fyodor Kuzmich's papers—the code has not been broken to this day

Montenegro; but he did not realize how close they were to him. One night a Greek servant, bribed by the Turks, murdered him.

So the "Russian Emperor Peter III", branded, flogged, and sent to Siberia more than once, died for the third time. But still his story was not finished. That same year a man appeared calling himself Peter III, and he spent twelve years as such visiting various European capitals and cities and corresponding with monarchs and philosophers. Even Voltaire and Rousseau wrote to him.

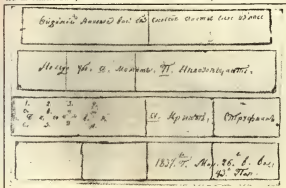
The fate of the new pretender, however, was no less tragic than that of the others who assumed the fatal name of Peter III. They all, like their prototype, suffered a violent end. The last "emperor" was arrested in Amsterdam, and slashed his

wrists. Only then was the ghost of Peter III finally laid, and banished from the stage of history.

#### A Mysterious Siberian Hermit

According to the official records, the Emperor Alexander I died in Taganrog in 1825. Another version claims, however, that he gave up the throne, hid himself away from the court, and lived for another 40 years in Siberia under the name of the hermit Fyodor Kuzmich.

Alexander is known to have said many times that he would like to abdicate and retire to a quiet life of devotion. He was also very well aware of the character of his ambitious and cruel successor Nicholas. Having himself come to the throne after the murder of his father, Alexander had every ground to fear for his own life, and was more and



more afraid of being poisoned.

At any rate, whether Alexander ever really planned to abandon the throne in order to preserve his life, his visit to Taganrog provided him with a wonderful opportunity. Several days before the sudden illness and death of the emperor, a subaltern Maskov, who was said to resemble him, also died in Taganrog.

The remains of the emperor were conveyed to St. Petersburg in a sealed coffin. For seven days the coffin—still closed—stood in the Kazan Cathedral. It was opened only once, for the closest relatives, and that only at night, but Alexander's mother immediately drew attention to how much the face of the dead emperor had changed.

It is not surprising that all these strange circumstances were whispered from ear to ear: it was said that another man was buried in the emperor's stead—probably subaltern Maskov. Things reached such a pitch that the sarcophagus of Alexander I was opened, and the remains exhumed and interred in the ground as befitted an "ordinary mortal".

But away in Siberia a holy pilgrim, one Fyodor Kuzmich, gained fame among the peasant settlers. He resolutely hid his past, but his military bearing, his erudition, and his knowledge of foreign languages made

him stand out amidst his surroundings. Some conversations with him, recorded by contemporaries, reveal an inexplicable knowledge in the hermit of the life of high society in St. Petersburg.

No wonder, therefore, that there were those who began to identify Fyodor Kuzmich with Alexander I. Those who had known the emperor personally were amazed at the resemblance. When he was dying, Fyodor Kuzmich left some papers in code which would, he said, reveal his secret. The code has not been deciphered, and the papers have still not been read.

In his book "Alexander I and the Secret of Fyodor Kuzmich", published in Petrograd in 1923, Constantine Kudryashov put forward another hypothesis: that under the mask of the Siberian hermit was hidden, not the czar, but a relative of his, Count Fyodor Uvarov, who vanished without trace on January 7, 1827.

Kudryashov suggested that Fyodor Kuzmich's use of a code could be explained by the fact that Uvarov belonged to an illegal lodge of freemasons, and that he was well acquainted with their secret cipher. In addition, he claimed, the handwriting of Fyodor Kuzmich was much more like that of Uvarov than of Alexander.

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### Thought for the New Year

When you tear the first leaf off the calendar, don't get the idea you've already performed an historic act.

\* \* \* \*



**AFTER THE ROAR OF THE CROWD**

by Larissa Latynina,  
former world gymnastics  
champion

from the magazine *Teatr*

*The Soviet weightlifter Yuri Vlasov wrote an article for the magazine Teatr on the need for a Sports Theatre. Such a project has long been discussed in sports circles. Vlasov was the first to argue the case in print. He was followed by Kasyan Goleizovsky, the choreographer of the Bolshoi Theatre, who wrote on Sport as an Art. Now the topic is taken up by Larissa Latynina, world champion in gymnastics for many years.*

My friends sometimes call me "the grandmother of Soviet gymnastics." I join in the laugh, though it's not always amusing to be called a granny at the age of 32. Half my life has been spent in gymnastics. I know a great deal about this sport, and regret that I had to retire from active competition. It was not easy to give up the happiness that gymnastics brought into my life. Incidentally, I think that happiness is the most fitting word to describe the essence of any sport.

Today I no longer take an active part in sports, but work as a coach of the Soviet national women's gymnastic team. My meetings with spectators are more vicarious than otherwise, but I am very much in favour of the establishment of a Sports Theatre.

I have taken part in many exhibition contests in many countries of the world. These were not competitions where the points awarded by the judges intensified the struggle and unnerved some competitors, making them extra careful. They were exhibitions of skill, and beauty was the touchstone of success. I cannot recall a single instance where the house was not full on

such occasions, whether it was in New York's Madison Square Garden, seating 20,000, or halls in Japan, Austria, France, Denmark and Britain, with crowds queuing up outside the gyms and theatres in the hope of getting in.

Sport is a struggle, says the maxim. When a sportsman retires from active competition his work takes on a new quality, for which I have found no name as yet. He is no longer concerned about tournament tactics, the setting of records or mastery of new techniques (as is the case with us gymnasts), but concentrates on giving polish to what he already knows, in an effort to develop a filigree technique and new ways of presenting old skills.

Great skill in any field is always an art. I see no reason why sports should be an exception. However, I am not yet discussing a Sports Theatre, but only the art of sport.

We had the Harlem Globetrotters over here a few years ago. They were not a team, but a professional troupe, and what they showed us at the Sports Palace was more in the nature of a spectacle than a basketball game. I don't believe a single person in the thousands of spectators

cared who would win: the score didn't matter. But everyone went wild over the artistry of the performance and the tremendous skill of the players.

There was no competition on the court, but the pleasure was no less keen for all that.

Often when a sportsman retires it is not because he has started to slip; in fact, he may even be jumping a few centimetres higher than the record which once brought him world fame. But there has appeared a younger man, who jumps even higher, for he builds on the experience of his predecessor and has the advantage of a more up-to-date method of training.

Meanwhile the old record-holder steps down, lower and lower, for it is easier to descend than to rise on the ladder of fame. There are regrets all round, sports fans feeling it almost as keenly as the athlete himself, for they have developed a habit of seeing their favourite win, and will not easily accept the style of another.

The sportsman leaves the stage still full of strength and skill. In this he is akin to the artiste, in that their popularity is almost identical. But their lot is different, and the odds are against the athlete.

Today, Pele is called the "king of football". He is admired even by those who are not avid football fans. His skill is unique, and I should say, on a highly aesthetic plane. Pele knows it all, he has command of all the secrets of the ball. I once read a review of a play

in an English newspaper where a famous actor, who was cast in several different roles, was compared with Pele. This may seem far-fetched, though it is, in fact, a tribute to the actor, because Pele, who has raised football to the level of art, is a brilliant actor.

Today Pele is 27. Time flies. Soon he will be 30. Little by little the "king" will give way to the "veteran". Finally he will disappear from the football scene altogether. Ageing fans will tell younger ones what a wizard Pele was in his day. Pele himself, still a comparatively young man, but a few pounds heavier, will be sitting in the stands, watching his successors show their paces. The years will have deprived him of speed and stamina, but can they strip him of brilliance and virtuosity? Would not Pele's name alone, on the posters, pack the Maracana Stadium in Rio, all of its 200,000 seats and every inch of standing room, even 10 years from now?

Perhaps my example of Pele is inept. Perhaps the Brazilians will cherish their idol as the British have done with Sir Stanley Matthews, whose football career culminated at the age of 50 with the bestowal of a knighthood by the Queen.

You must not think that I'm trying to turn back the tide, or stem the natural succession of generations in sports competition. I simply think that we are sometimes too prodigal of talent.

I am sure that if we took greater care of our veterans, and displayed more inventiveness in prolonging

their activity in sports, the succession of generations in this field would be much more fruitful. Words never adequately convey skills, however eloquent the teacher. They have to be shown. That is why I believe that a Sports Theatre would be not only a colourful and impressive innovation

but also an excellent school for young athletes.

I've finally got around to the main thing: the need for a Sports Theatre.

Sports are akin to art: they are spectacular, dynamic, and quite as productive of imagery. A cross-bar set at a record height does not



*Great skill in any sport is always an art. But the lot of athletes is not quite that of the performing artist*

*Larissa Latynina  
in free exercises*



of itself excite the spectator. What matters is the man who prepares to conquer it. The audience wants to see this man, a glorious combination of nerve and muscle, sprout wings and rise to immortality for one brief moment.

I think that the Sports Theatre should achieve close cooperation between top athletes and producers of experience, ingenuity and good

taste. The director, with a knowledge of stage craft, should make the programmes in such a theatre musical, dynamic and spectacular.

He should recruit artists and composers, and their teamwork would produce an absolutely new type of spectacle, close to the art of the circus but not quite like it, reminiscent of the revue but differing from it in many ways.



Some sports, like figure skating, allow their ex-champions to star in ice revues, where they continue to give pleasure to audiences for many years. But for the existence of these popular ice revues I would feel regret even now at the prospect of soon being deprived of the pleasure of watching Lyudmila Belousova and Oleg Protopopov, our marvellous pair of figure skaters, who will have to retire from active competition at Grenoble or somewhat later.

Is it possible that other sports are not as promising as spectacles, and that all this discussion is futile? I don't agree.

Sports are spectacular by their very nature, and all that needs to be done is to discern this quality and find the right form. A Sports Theatre should not try to embrace all events. That would be utopian. But it could present programmes of great diversity. Gymnastics, acrobatics, fencing, wrestling, boxing, weight-lifting, archery, diving (with a trampoline, instead of a pool), table tennis, basketball (remember the Harlem Globetrotters!) and, finally, mini-football (Lev Yashin was quite capable of showing his paces in a television studio in Rio de Janeiro, where a real goal was set up)—all these are suitable for presentation at a Sports Theatre.

If the sportsmen have a well-rehearsed programme, and it is presented in a colourful setting and accompanied by good music, the box-office side will be no problem, because sports fans will be yearning to meet their old idols.



*Child protection*



*"Have a light, Sir?"*





**Stenka**  
**Razin's**  
**Persian**  
**Princess**

by L. GOLUBEV

from the magazine  
*SELSKAYA MOLODYOZH*

Gather a few Russians together over a camp-fire in the woods or around a holiday table with food and drink and sooner or later someone will bring out a guitar. Sooner or later someone will strike up the melodious song, Stenka Razin.

Stepan Razin (Stenka is the affectionate diminutive) was one of the many leaders of peasant revolts in feudal Russia, and his exploits have passed into folklore. The song in question tells of Razin's infatuation with a Persian princess he has captured. But when his men grow restive

and discontented and complain that after one night with the beauty he has turned into an old woman himself, he throws the girl overboard as an offering to the Volga from a Don Cossack.

More legend than fact?

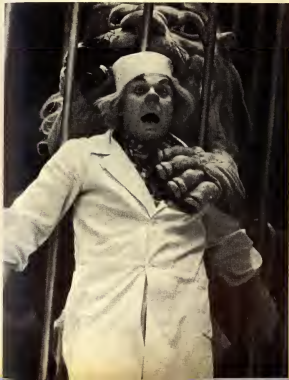
Among the exhibits in the manuscript section of the Saltykov-Shchedrin State Public Library there is a small book entitled *Three Voyages*. It is a Russian translation, done in 1701 at the orders of Peter the Great, of the memoirs of the Dutchman Streus. Streus had come to Russia to work as a sail-maker and had been on board one of Razin's boats which made its way up the Volga in the summer of 1669. He gives an eye-witness account of Razin throwing the captive Persian princess into the Volga, just outside Astrakhan. Streus reports that Razin addressed the Volga, declaring that he was making a gift of the girl to the Great River. No Russian historical source mentions the episode.

About two centuries later, in the year 1883, the Russian poet D. N. Sadovnikov read the Dutchman's account in the magazine *Niva* and was inspired to write a poem which was soon set to a tune of unknown origin. Thus the song so popular with Russians today came into being.

Historical records state that in a sea battle in the Caspian the Persian admiral Mendy Khan was defeated by Stepan Razin, who captured the admiral's son and daughter. It is therefore likely that the unfortunate princess of song and story was Mendy Khan's daughter.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

*"And may you be preserved from anything like this during 1968 or any other year!"*  
*That is the benevolent wish of circus clown Oleg Popov.*



## WHAT THEY ARGUE ABOUT IN RUSSIA



# WOMAN'S PLACE

What does equality of men and women mean? Do men and women have to have precisely the same responsibilities at home and at work?

Do differences in their responsibilities mean there is no equality? What are these differences? These and other questions are examined in this article.

from the magazine  
*Senya i Shkola*  
(Family and School)

## FIGHTING PATRIARCHAL VIEWS

by Elena ANDREYEVA

Soviet men and women are equal in the eyes of the law. That is already quite an achievement. But equality before the law has still not become actual equality, for in many families the woman continues to carry the entire burden of household chores.

An investigation conducted by the Institute of Public Opinion reveals that women have half as much time as men for social activities, reading, and recreation in general; on the average they make do with an hour's less sleep, and many married women have no time at all for sport.

This inequality suffered by a sex ironically known as the "weaker", even though it carries a larger load than the so-called "stronger" sex, is certainly alarming. It has far-reaching consequences—women cannot contribute as much time and energy to socially useful work as men.

Sometimes a patriarchal view is taken of the problem: women, it is said, are destined to see to the household and to create comfort.

Anyone who speaks of the "weakness" of women when wives and mothers are so overburdened is, to say the least, hypocritical.

Sometimes chivalry creeps in to cloud the issue. A man who helps a woman on with her coat considers himself chivalrous. Ask him whether he helps his wife with the housework! More often than not such gentlemanly types do absolutely nothing at home.

Some propose that the lot of

women should be lightened by reducing their working hours, so that they can in fact take a direct hand in the upbringing of the children and get more housework done. But this would be legalizing a humiliating situation.

The excuse that the children's upbringing is primarily a woman's job is a lame one. A man can do it just as well. On the whole it is the entire family, and the relationships between its members that educate the child. The woman is nanny and cook, imprisoned in the narrow confines of family and household cares. What time does she have to educate the children? On top of that she is completely dependent on her husband financially. The very category "housewife" should be wiped out of existence!

Wouldn't it be natural to solve the problem simply, in the commonsense way? The family is a joint concern, the household is, too, and so should all the household cares be. After all, a man is just as capable as a woman of washing nappies, bathing the baby and changing him, not to mention the rest of the chores. They just have to be shared.

I should like to say a few words about "femininity" and "masculinity". Some men understand femininity to mean weakness, submissiveness, tenderness and anxiety to please at all costs, and at the same time—an essential point—preservation of sexual attractiveness. Such a man is not a

friend or a comrade but one who under cover of his "masculinity" wants to subjugate a woman.

The question of actual equality for men and women, of fundamental equality of intellectual opportunity and their family responsibilities is a crucial one on which depends the

social role of women.

A vigorous struggle against the old patriarchal traditions is essential, however difficult it may be. The difficulties put many women off, and they bow to tradition, although they realize that it is wrong and are troubled by the situation.

## WHEN THERE ARE CHILDREN . . .

by Boris RYABININ

Not long ago I overheard two women talking. A young mother was complaining that she had had to give up her medical practice for a year. The baby was ill quite often, she could not get a nanny and there was no one to leave the child with.

"Oh, and it's so demoralizing to sit at home for a year," the elder woman sympathized.

Demoralizing to give a year to your sick child? And that was the comment of a mother who had already raised two children herself.

Maternal feeling in the younger woman was weaker than her love of her profession. Is that how it should be? Some people say it is. That's what we fought for, to emancipate women from the burden of household cares. We fought, all right, but not to alienate women from motherhood, from the great joy and tremendous responsibility of setting a tiny human being on his feet; not so that they would forget their priceless calling—to be givers of life.

Childhood years are especially important and a mother's care

and attention are irreplaceable.

We must not destroy all that is womanly in a woman, must not stifle her maternal instincts, depriving her of all that makes her beautiful, desirable, and infinitely dear to us. All the time we are trying to distort nature, to impose something unnatural and alien. This is why we fall down in a sphere that has such prime importance for our future—that of the education of our youth.

It is said with truth that the family in fact educates the feelings, the emotions, just as school educates the mind. Within the family the first to direct the feeling of the child, his perception of the world around, is his mother.

No one can deny that the normal woman wants to be loved, to have a husband, a family, her own nest . . . How many eloquent speeches have been made to the effect that all roads are now open to women, let them go where they choose, pick their own profession—they are free in everything. Yet motherhood and a family are in their blood, without these things their lives are incomplete.

Who would have the temerity to deny this?

Can all this be broken down—and most important, should it be? In emancipating women from the conventions of the past, we simultaneously made her work, and study, and take on voluntary social work, and dash from shop to shop with her string bag . . .

Please don't misunderstand me—I don't want to go back to the past, to handcuff women to the kitchen and restrict her world to the four walls of her husband's home. That's an extreme point of view. But there is just as much danger in the other extreme—complete rejection of responsibility as a mother, the mistress of home and family. A stable family means a stable state. Without good families we cannot expect to bring up a morally stable generation.

Many of our shortcomings in educating our children spring, I am sure, from the fact that some mothers have begun to forget that they are mothers, are neglecting their maternal responsibilities, regarding them as a burden. Furthermore, some of them virtually despise their sisters who devote the lion's share of their efforts to their family, their home, their children's upbringing. "Housewife!" they shout contemptuously. Yet behind this term lies something still not properly appreciated—the fantastic work done by mothers who, hand in hand with our schools, are raising a new generation.

Clearly if there is to be a fundamental solution to the problem,

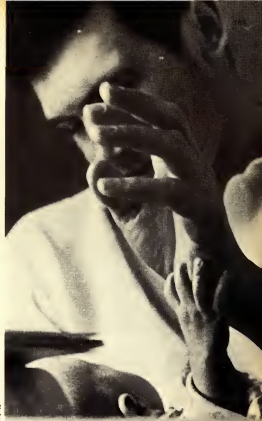
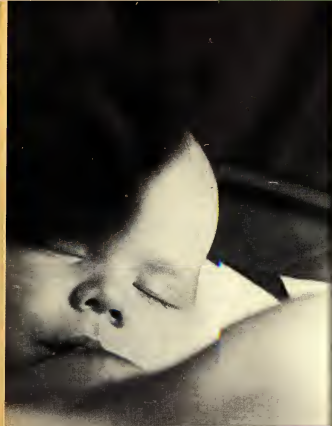
social measures will have to be taken, and new legal provisions adopted. Personally I am convinced that when our State is in a position to do so it will shorten working hours for women without cutting wages and salaries. But on one condition—that they pay proper attention to bringing up their children. Perhaps we should follow the examples of some other countries and pay a bonus for each child in the family. This would free women from financial anxiety and enable greater attention to be paid to the children.

It is quite obvious that women must not be cut off from social and public life, from participation in production. The point at issue is different: what is the best way to help them combine work and social responsibilities with looking after home and children? What must be done to this end? To give women more time to devote to their children's upbringing and to other feminine concerns, including care of their appearance, factories and offices must have their own hairdressers, shops, nurseries and kindergartens so that the minimum of time is wasted.

A maternal feeling is above all a sense of tremendous responsibility to society and the child, a responsibility that must not be handed over to anyone else. Not to anyone.

I like a remark made by a woman of my acquaintance:

*continued on page 164*



*Each  
according  
to  
his  
abilities . . . .*

"I need my work to provide me with an outlet to the world. But until I've set my children on their feet I'm first and foremost a mother."

## DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF THE MAIN THING

by Spartak GAZARYAN

The importance of the problem raised in the two previous articles is incontestable. Unfortunately, one can't agree with either of them completely.

Of course, household chores must be made easier for married women. From this point of view Ryabinin's proposals are quite reasonable.

But where does the upbringing of the children come in? Are standards in this sphere in direct ratio to the number of hours a mother spends with her offspring?

Care of children and the upbringing and education of children are two different things. It is possible to have plenty of time to feed them and wash and mend their clothes, yet completely fail to bring them up, in the sense of having a positive effect on the formation of outlook and character.

I am convinced that the main thing here is the personality of the parents. By setting a good example in their own lives they will automatically train their children in the way they should go. A child must know what principles guide the actions of his parents, what they do and what they are concerned and think about. That is the main thing.

The author of the other article, Elena Andreyeva, justly criticizes those who perceive femininity as weakness, limited outlook, submissiveness and obsequiousness.

It is difficult to define femininity in a string of synonymous epithets. You have to approach the matter in some other way.

When a man returns home from a long and arduous expedition, a tender hand strokes his unshaven cheek. When suddenly he is overtaken by despair, with dark thoughts about the omnipotence of evil, a woman gently urges him on to continue the fight. If the great scientific discovery continues to elude him she whispers: "You'll succeed in the end, my dear."

That's femininity, in my view.

I am by no means saying that a woman can never be the one to lead the way, that it's her eternal fate to serve as her husband's assistant and comforter. Or that a man should not be able to sew on a button, wash his own shirt or get the dinner ready. But there do exist differences, going back deep into antiquity, and no decrees, no new forms of education are going to remove them.

Now a few words about chivalry.

It seems to me that Elena Andreyeva is confusing chivalry with common politeness. Helping a woman on with her coat, giving up one's seat to her in a trolleybus or giving her flowers on a special occasion is not chivalry. Nor is peeling the potatoes, washing the nappies or scrubbing the floor.

I believe that chivalry in our time is a concept that could quite easily

be given State significance.

Let me explain. Women's maintenance teams work on our railways and highways. And in restaurants diners get polite bows from the men

who wait on them at table. Behind the counters in many of our shops stand nice-looking, smartly dressed boys.

## BACK TO THE KITCHEN?

by Valeria MIKHAILOVA

The author of the article "When There Are Children . . ." cites an example of a young mother who had to give up her medical practice for one year for there was no one to leave her child with. The author sides with the mother for he considers maternal feeling should be stronger than urge to work. He may be right, but it must not be forgotten that we are talking about young women who have had a special education at state expense.

The State plans the training of a certain number of specialists and spends considerable sums to this end. What does it get?—a housewife with a diploma of no earthly use to society. The ease with which one young mother abandoned her work for a year makes one wonder whether she entered an institute to be trained for her chosen profession or simply to get an education "in general" and then find a husband. Isn't there something wrong here? Isn't it an egoistic tendency to settle one's own life and

ignore the interests of society? This is something that needs careful consideration.

Here is a young woman who is not only a mother but also a doctor. Everyone knows how fast science develops nowadays. By leaving work even for a year she risks getting left behind.

I used to think that it would be a good idea to cut working hours for women, but the discussion has raised doubts in my mind. In a family where the husband considers himself the master and the children's upbringing is left entirely to the woman, shorter hours will strengthen this prejudicial position.

Evidently, the chief way to solve the problem is still to do everything to relieve women of domestic chores by building large numbers of canteens and establishments providing such household services as laundries, cleaners, clothing repairs, etc., and kindergartens, and organizing more prolonged day groups at which children can stay on after school and do their homework and play under supervision.

## WHEN ALL MEN UNDERSTAND

by Galina SUDBINA

After reading the article by Boris Ryabinin, I sat down straightaway

to write an answer. The theme is one that affects me personally.

It is ludicrous today to have to prove that a woman has "in her blood" not only a longing for a family, but a yearning for knowledge, for work and for all that is represented by the great wide world outside her home. We do not only give children care and attention, we devote our whole life to them. But we are more rounded personalities than the author imagines.

Statutory rights have opened up wide horizons for the modern woman—but the way to them lies through

## EQUALITY OR LEVELLING DOWN

by Radi ZHUKOV

Before the problem under discussion can be solved we have to be clear precisely what we are talking about: physical equality between men and women, or social equality.

The fact is that the two halves of mankind never have been and never will be equal physically for the simple reason that they are men and women. This natural difference gives rise to a division of labour, but it is by no means proof of an inherent weakness on the part of the "weaker sex" or of strength in the "stronger sex".

Men's work involves great physical and mental tension. Is woman capable of such work?

Of course she is. Nevertheless, there are special laws for the protection of women at work.

The laws take account of the special physiological features of women and the fact that they are or may become mothers, and so give life to the human being.

saucepans—big and little ones. On the one hand, there is a desire to engage in socially useful labour, to study, to communicate on a broad and creative basis with other people, and on the other hand, there are the dirty dishes. The mind cries out for books and your daughter's stockings want darning.

In our days a woman is not merely a tender wife and a loving mother, she is a free individual who has known the sweetness of feeling herself the mistress of her fate.

Is women's work difficult? Of course it is. But it demands a different distribution of physical and mental tension. So the question is not one of mixing the two types of work, but of consistently making both types easier.

It is another matter when we turn to the question of equal rights. Here we come up against a definite contradiction: a woman has equal rights with a man, but she cannot always exercise those rights fully because she is overloaded with housework. The solution is to lighten the domestic load of women—both by society and on an individual basis, with the husband doing more at home.

Unquestionably, a great deal has been done in our country to settle this problem. Discussion in the Press will undoubtedly help find the right way to wipe out the remnants of social inequality between man and woman.



## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

*May this black cat cross your path for luck  
—that's unless you're a Soviet reader.  
Russian superstition makes the black cat  
a symbol of bad luck.*

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

*... from  
Irakli Andronnikov,  
well-known raconteur,  
some of whose stories  
will be appearing  
in Sputnik.*

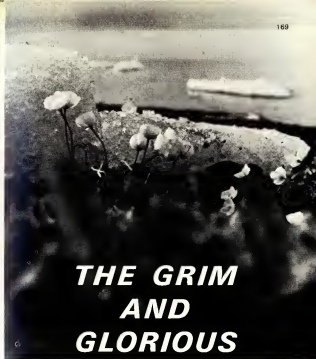
*"Oh, well, I've ruined my New Year  
—forgotten to order SPUTNIK in time."*



*"Couldn't you  
just rush my  
order through  
somehow?  
I live at number  
ten. . . ."*



*"You can?  
That's made  
my New Year!"*



## THE GRIM AND GLORIOUS

# ARCTIC

story by  
Alexei NIKOLAYEV

from the magazine  
SMENA

photos by  
Vassili MISHIN

"If a country can be compared to an edifice, then it must be admitted that Russia's façade is on the Arctic Ocean," said Admiral S. Makarov of the old Russian fleet. And it is a fact that a good part of Russia is in the Arctic Circle.

Another prominent Russian, the chemist Mendeleev, pointed out that there must be gold and many other valuable minerals beneath the Arctic ice cap, and he called for extensive exploration of possible sea routes.

It was only in Soviet times, however, that the Northern Sea Route was opened and Arctic exploration started in a big way.

The following account of a trip along the Northern Sea Route is by two journalists, V. Mishin and A. Nikolayev.

Their account is interspersed with historical, geographical and other information to provide the background.

## MAN VERSUS ICE

### 1. In the Air

There are some places that have always been considered unlucky by sailors of all countries. The north coast of the Taimyr Peninsula and the Vilkitski Strait in the Arctic are two of them. Navigation conditions are treacherous.

The water may be quite clear, and then within an hour be dotted with ice-floes big enough to damage cargo ships. And a smack from one of them can be just as nasty as running into a rock. This is where the aircraft come in.

Our plane is manned by the captain, the navigator and the mechanic. On board, too, are two hydrologists, a captain-adviser from Marine Operations HQ, who is stationed on Dickson Island and is in charge of sea traffic radio control, and we two reporters from Moscow.

We're flying low—the altimeter

reads 21-30 feet—because otherwise we wouldn't see a thing for fog. And we can't afford to miss anything down below, for this is aerial reconnaissance.

*It was only recently that systematic study of the area began. In 1918, when Civil War was raging and the country was gripped by famine, Lenin signed a decree on the Hydro-Geographical Exploration of the Arctic Ocean. In 1921, when the country was beginning to rehabilitate its economy, a floating Marine Institute was organized for the "all-round, systematic study of northern seas, coasts and islands of importance to the state". By the late thirties there were fifty Arctic research stations. Hydrological survey vessels—the ice patrol—began plying the northern seas, and regular aerial reconnaissance and a flying weather service were started.*



*When the runway is likely to be an ice-floe, you can't get along without a few nimble little hedgehoppers.*



The plane follows a zigzag course—on the navigator's chart it looks like the teeth of a saw. The more complex the ice conditions, the sharper the zigzags; this is particularly noticeable in the Vilkitski Strait area. The hydrologists get busy drawing a chart of the icefields. On it the captain-adviser plots the safest route for ships following the icebreaker *Leninograd*, then puts it into a waterproof envelope.

The plane turns and, flying lower still, drops the envelope and a packet of mail for the ships' crews smack on the deck of the icebreaker, which is about to enter the icefield just surveyed.

## 2. On the Water

"A day in the Arctic is worth a week in the Atlantic"—this is a maxim of seasoned sailors like our host, Captain Nikolai Ponikorovskiy of the cargo ship *Verkhoyanskies*, who comes from a long line of seafarers.

Having received instructions from Marine Operations HQ on their places in the convoy, the *Verkhoyanskies* and six other ships have rounded Bear Island and are on the way to meet the icebreaker *Kiev*.

*Bear Island is in the Kara Sea. To the west, beyond Novaya Zemlya, lies the Barents Sea. Climatic conditions there are less severe. A warm current branching off from the Gulf Stream makes the climate of the northern part of the Kola Peninsula considerably milder. This is where Murmansk is—an Arctic port that stays free of ice all year round.*

*Constructed a few decades ago, the port received convoys from Britain and the USA during World War II while Soviet forces beat off attacks by Nazi aircraft and U-boats. Despite raids by the German navy, two and a half times as many vessels sailed along the Northern Sea Route during the war as in the five years preceding it.*

*As for Murmansk today, here's how Professor T. Lloyd of Canada describes it: "As a specialist on the Arctic I knew that one does not meet Polar bears in the streets of Murmansk. I knew that it was a growing city. But what I saw surpassed all my expectations. It is the largest and most beautiful city in the Arctic Circle..."*

Only an hour ago the weather was fine, and people were admiring the flamingo-tinted icebergs in the Sun's oblique rays. Not so now. A fog has gathered. On the ships the searchlights have been switched on. Navigation officers are watching radar screens intently. Lookouts, assigned to their posts more as a formality than because of any real necessity, can't see farther than twenty yards.

Ships begin wandering off course. The *Kostromales* must have collided with a floe and got out of control for a spell. Her bow barely misses the stern of the *Verkhoyanskies* as she sails past, hits the edge of the ice-field, climbs heavily onto the ice, rises out of the water, then slips back. Sheer luck that the *Kostromales* has not wrecked our steering gear...

Pieces of ice crash against our ship's sides, a shudder runs through her hull. Then the equipment starts

going haywire—the radar has been overworked and is acting up, the telegraph apparatus gets the jitters, too. Heavy ice brings the screw to a standstill, a blade is bent, the engines have to be stopped.

The ship drifts, awaiting help from the icebreaker.

*Arctic voyages are never pleasure trips, as one can well imagine. Yet convoy after convoy follows the flagship of the Arctic fleet—the icebreaker *Lenin*—along the Northern Sea Route, from the Kola Peninsula to the shores of Alaska. The route really is the vital artery of the Soviet Arctic.*

*Convoy enters the Vilkitski Strait—one of the biggest danger points in the Arctic.*



*The very first sea-going vessels dropped anchor in the Lena estuary back in the thirties. They opened up shipping to and from Yakutia, a land of tundra, taiga and bogs. Lorries, tractors and snow-sleighs moved along roads and across country where only reindeer and dog sleds had been known before. Today, planes and helicopters fly regularly between settlements thousands of miles apart.*

*Large diamond fields have been discovered in Western Yakutia. A new town named Mirny has risen beside the Mir kimberlite deposit. A big hydroelectric station is being constructed in that land of permafrost. The ore-dressing plant in Northern Yakutia*

is increasing its already considerable output of tin.

Northern Siberia has non-ferrous metals and gold. Oil has recently been found there, and a pipeline is already under construction. Freight turnover is constantly growing. The ports built in the thirties are expanding—Dickson, Dudinka, Igarka, Tiksi, Ambarchik, Pevek and Provideniya.

The icebreaker *Kiev* makes a bee-line for us. Her progress is slow but sure. The thick ice crunches and cracks under her heavy hull. One after the other the cargo vessels enter the channel through the ice-field.

### 3. On the Land

"Dickson NM" is the call sign of Bronislav Mainogashev, Chief of Marine Operations HQ. The letters NM stand for "sea chief" in Russian. The HQ is open for four months a year—the entire Arctic navigation season.

A huge map of the Northern Sea Route tacked to the wall of Mainogashev's office shows severe storms, dense fog, sandbanks and narrow straits over 3,500 miles of sea. Drifting ice presents the greatest danger to shipping. The HQ operates round the clock, steering vessels to safety. As on board ship, HQ staff take turns keeping watch. The teleprinters do not stop for a minute. Hundreds of messages are received daily. Radio contact is maintained day and night with ships out at sea a good thousand miles away from Dickson Island.

Often the "sea chief" has to make decisions involving great risk and responsibility. At 1700 hours every day the dispatchers get together to hear a report on the location of shipping. The weathermen process data from some forty Arctic stations, and from it compile three-day forecasts and detailed 24-hour weather maps. Aerial reconnaissance radios in up-to-the-minute reports on ice pack formation and distribution, and the hydrologists forecast ice movements.

An optimum plan of action has to be evolved from the assorted data. Experienced navigators are present at the meeting as captain-advisers, and immediately after it get in touch with the captains of all the ships sailing the northern seas to advise them on the safest course.

*Bronislav Mainogashev is a Khokass by nationality. He comes from the Khokass Autonomous Region in South Siberia near Mongolia.*

*People from the northern nationalities indigenous to the Arctic are among those working to tame this area of constant frost. Among the sons and daughters of hunters and reindeer breeders are many engineers, scientists, doctors and teachers. The national minorities of the North, totalling 130,000 people, include the Yakuts, Evenks, Nenets, Chukchi, Khosty, Mansi and others. A few decades ago they could not read or write. Today they have their own written languages and their own authors.*

*Not long ago the Soviet Council of Ministers issued a decree headed Measures for the Further Economic and*



"Sea chief" Mainogashev (centre) gets together with advisers to work out ice tactics for ships hundreds of miles away from his HQ on Dickson Island.

*Cultural Development of the North. The remaining nomad population is expected to settle down by 1970. Large sums have been allocated for cash grants to be paid to families still living in yurts—the traditional skin tents—to enable them to build modern homes.*

*Communications are being improved. A TV receiving station is going up in the Chukchi Peninsula which will get telecasts from Moscow via the Molnia 1 communications satellite. This will be the second station of its kind—the first one in Magadan, port of entry to the Kolyma gold region, started working in 1967.*

With the advent of the long Polar nights Marine Operations HQ stops its work until the following spring. But life does not stop in the Arctic. Polar research stations carry on with their work. Weather probes continue to go up, and now and then the silence is shattered by the roar of plane and helicopter engines.

Arctic exploration continues.

Another picture overleaf



*Behind these hills, just a couple of steps away from the little Russian church, is Norway. Murmansk, capital of this wealthy region of the Soviet Union, is much farther off—half an hour by plane.*



\*\*\*\*\*

HITS

by

KHITRUK

\*\*\*\*\*

from the newspaper IZVESTIA

Two blows with a blunt instrument. Two dead bodies in the backyard. The murderer is a middle-aged, little man, ordinarily soft-spoken and unassuming. The blunt instrument is a frying pan. He committed the murders while temporarily insane. . . .

What drove him insane? This is the subject of a compassionate, mildly humorous animated cartoon, *The Story of a Crime*, made by Fyodor Khitruk. An unconventional subject for a cartoon, but so well done.

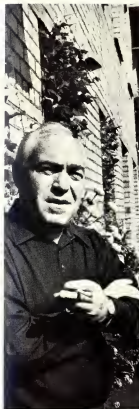
Big city life with its killing pace. The madhouse of an office where everyone keeps passing the buck until all work lands on the little man's

desk. Dizzy with fatigue at the end of the day, the little man finally reaches the quiet of his bachelor flat.

Quiet?

A minute later the racket starts. A party upstairs, another downstairs. By the time the noisy spree starts quietening down, two love-sick adolescents separated by two or three floors begin tapping out Morse code messages on the radiator. And so on and on until the small hours of the morning.

It is dawn when the little man falls asleep, or rather manages to black out somehow. A few minutes later a piercing yell startles him awake. One woman janitor is calling out to



another. . . . Well, you know the rest of the story.

Here is a list of awards the cartoon has won:

- ★ First Prize at the National Film Festival in Leningrad;
- ★ First Prize at the International Film Festival in Oberhausen, West Germany;
- ★ First Prize, the Golden Gates, at the Film Festival in San Francisco;
- ★ Diploma at the 11th Festival of Short Films in Belgrade.

Incidentally, the first Moscow-Paris colour-television transmission was opened with Khitruk's *The Story of a Crime*.

Fyodor Khitruk was 20 when he started out as a cartoonist at a Moscow film studio in 1938. By 1961 he had worked on dozens of animated cartoons and was considered a leading man in his field.

Critics agreed that he was "expressive" and had "a sense of humour and musicality". Then Fyodor Khitruk made his debut as a director and he started with a bang—*The Story of a Crime*.

He followed it up with a cartoon for children called *Toptyzhka*, about a bear cub of that name and his friend Little Rabbit. This cartoon brought him another top honour—the Bronze Lion of St. Mark—at the 16th World Film Festival in Venice.

Khitruk continued in the same vein and produced a smash hit—*Boniface's Holiday*. This is a cartoon about an overworked circus lion that takes a

Continued on page 184



*Stephenson type train  
chug-chugs Boniface to  
sea—for the last leg of  
his journey to Africa.*

*Cozy Central European town and  
respectable-looking circus manager  
—typical Khitrak cartoons, polished  
and witty.*



## HITS by KHITRUK

holiday and goes back home to Africa. He is all set to enjoy himself—bathe, bask in the sun, rest. But this is not so easy for a kind-hearted lion to do when Africa is full of little boys and girls who have never seen a circus lion. And so Boniface puts on a little show. After that his holiday is shot to pieces. He works to amuse the children. A clever cartoon, somewhat sad, imbued with mild humour. . . . It has earned Khitruk:

- ★ First Prize at the National Film Festival in Kiev;
- ★ A prize at the International Film Festival in Ireland;

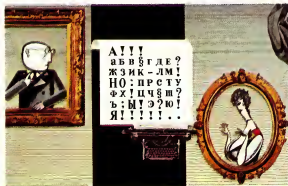
★ The first prize, the Golden Polican, at the Cartoon Festival in Mamaia (Rumania).

It would seem that his future course was clearly indicated—children's cartoons, with a basketful of prizes in the offing. But Fyodor Khitruk swerved from the beaten path. He produced a scathing lampoon about an unscrupulous careerist who causes much harm to people he comes in contact with.

It is by and large a grim story, angrily told, but containing also a measure of compassion for the man who, in clambering up the ladder, loses his human qualities.

At present Fyodor Khitruk is working on a cartoon about film-making. According to studio rumours, it's going to be hilarious.

*Film in the making. Khitruk conceives it visually—in pictures.*



# RUSSIAN MADE EASY

## Lesson Three (ТРЕТИЙ УРОК)



- (Ya) pozdravlyayu (vas) s Novim Godom!  
 (Я) поздравляю (нас) с Новым годом!  
 (I) congratulate (you) with New Year! Happy New Year!

These words are often followed by:

- (Ya) zhelayu (vam) dobrovo zdorov'ya, schast'ya i radosti.  
 (Я) желаю (вам) доброго здоровья, счастья и радости.  
 (I) wish (you) good health, happiness and joy.

The verb поздравлять (inf.) is used in a much broader sense than the English "to congratulate".

(Ya) pozdravlyayu (vas) s dnyóm rozhdeniya.

(Я) поздравляю (вас) с днём рождения.

(I) congratulate (you) with birthday.

(Mi) pozdravlyajem (vas) s uspekhom v rabóte.

(Мы) поздравляем (вас) с успехом в работе.

(We) congratulate (you) with success in work.

(Oni) pozdravlyayut (vas) s prázdnikom.

(Они) поздравляют (вас) с праздником.

(They) congratulate (you) with national holiday.

And whereas the English verb "to congratulate" is followed by the preposition "on", the Russian поздравлять is used with s

"с"  
with

Read and memorise the following dialogue:

Zvonít telefón. Dzhon Smit beryút trúbku i govorit:

Звонит телефон. Джон Смит берёт трубку и говорит:

Rings telephone. John Smith picks up phone and says:

Smith: Ya slúshayu

Я слушаю

I'm listening

Smith speaking

Dóbroye útro, Dzhon. Éto govorit Sása.

Доброе утро, Джон. Это говорит Саша.

Good morning, John. This speaks Sasha.

This is Sasha speaking.

Pozdravlyayu (vas) s Nóvím Gódom!

Поздравляю (вас) с Новым годом!

Congratulate (you) with New Year!

Happy New Year!

Smith: Ya vas tózhe pozdravlyayu!

Я вас тоже поздравляю!

I you also congratulate!

Happy New Year!

The most common New Year toast is:

S Nóvím Gódom, s Nóvím schást'yem.

С Новым годом, с Новым счастьем.

With New Year, with New happiness.

chókayutsya

After that people clink their glasses, or чокаются and empty their glasses p'yút do dna.

пьют до дна.

drink to bottom.

The Russians celebrate the New Year with вино, водка, фрукты и пирог.

wine, vodka, fruit and cake.

in a magazine.

You can buy these things в магазине

in the shop



poshól v magazin kupít' vino i yábloki.  
Our friend John Smith пошёл в магазин купить вино и яблоки.  
went to the shop to buy wine and apples.

Ya khochú kupít' odín kilógram yáblok.  
Smith: Я хочу купить один килограмм яблок.  
I want to buy one kilogram of apples.

Platíte dén'gi, požaluysta.  
Salesman: Платите деньги, пожалуйста.  
Pay money, please.



Smith: А сколько это стоит?  
А сколько это стоит?  
And how much this cost?

Salesman: Это стоит пятьдесят копеек.  
Это стоит пятьдесят копеек.  
This costs fifty kopecks.

Smith: Ya zabíl kupít' u vás vínó.  
Я забыла купить у вас вино.  
I forgot to buy from you wine.

Salesman: U nás yest' óchen' khorosheyé.  
У нас есть очень хорошее.  
At us is very good.

Gruzinskoye vínó. Onó nazíváetsya "Khvanchkará".  
Грузинское вино. Оно называется «Хванчкара».  
Georgian wine. It called "Khvanchkara".

Smith: Dáite mné odnú butlíku étovo víná.  
Дайте мне одну бутылку этого вина.  
Give me one bottle this wine.

Salesman: Vi dolzhní zaplatít' eshé dva rublyá.  
Вы должны заплатить еще два рубля.  
You must pay more two roubles.

Smith: Spasibo, do svídániya.  
Спасибо, до свидания.  
Thank you, good bye.

The last dialogue has two typically Russian constructions.

Vi mózheté kupít' u nás vínó. You can buy wine from us.  
Вы можете купить у нас вино. You can buy at us wine.  
U nás yest' vínó. We have wine (in our store).  
У нас есть вино. We have wine (in our store).  
At us is wine. At us is wine.

The expression у нас есть indicates both owner and place.

U nás sevódnya mnógo gostéi. We have many guests today.  
У нас сегодня много гостей. We have many guests today.  
At us today many guests. At us today many guests.

Very often in conversation the construction у нас есть is followed by an explanation of what the place is and where.

U nás v gorode yest' teatr. We have a theatre in our city.  
У нас в городе есть театр. We have a theatre in our city.  
At us in city is a theatre. At us in city is a theatre.

This very convenient form can be used with the genitive case of all nouns and pronouns:

y + genitive case + есть

Ya. U menyá yest'	Мл. U nás yest'
Я. У меня есть	Мы. У нас есть
I. At me is	We. At us is
On. U nevo yest'	Vi. U vás yest'
Он. У него есть	Вы. У вас есть
He. At him is	You. At you is
Ona. U neyo est'	Oni. U nih yest'
Она. У неё есть	Они. У них есть
She. At her is	They. At them is

More examples:

U Dzhóna yest' avtomobil'. John has a car.  
У Джона есть автомобиль. John has a car.  
At John is a car. At John is a car.

You can leave out the word есть especially if the noun is preceded by an adjective or a numeral:

U Dzhóna (yest') krasíví avtomobil'. John has a beautiful car.  
У Джона (есть) красивый автомобиль. John has a beautiful car.  
At John (is) a beautiful car. At John (is) a beautiful car.

U menyá (yest') mnógo kníg. I have many books.  
У меня (есть) много книг. I have many books.  
At me (are) many books. At me (are) many books.

You have probably noticed the discrepancy between Russian spelling and pronunciation in some words:

sevódnya: étovo vínó; u nevo yest'  
сегодня: этого вина; у него есть  
today: of this wine; he has

The combination ego is usually pronounced evo. This is one of the few deviations from the basic rules of Russian pronunciation.

There is also a tendency to change the unstressed *o* to the more open *a*, as in the words *khorošhō*, *zovát*, *govorit'*.

good call speak  
zdrávtvulte selchás

Such words as *zdravstvuyete* and *сейчас* are usually pronounced  
hello now

*zdrás'te* and *schás*.

But those are minor exceptions in a language where spelling and pronunciation are in rare harmony, and you will always make yourself understood if you pronounce words the way they are written.



*Pospeshish'*, *lyudei nasmeshish'*.  
Поспешишь, людей насмешишь.  
Make haste, people laugh.

Hasty climbers have sudden  
falls (or: to make haste, to  
make people laugh)

This proverb is an abbreviated form of the sentence:

(*Yéslí tí*) *pospeshish* (to *tí*) *nasmeshish'* *lyudei*.  
(Если ты) поспешишь (то ты) насмешишь людей.  
(If you) make haste (then you) will make laugh people.

*Prívlchka* (*yest'*) *vtoráya natúra*.  
Привычка (есть) вторая натура.  
Custom (is) second nature.

This proverb corresponds  
to the English in form and  
content.

*Vnosít'* *sor* *iz izbl*.  
Вносить сор из избы.  
To take rubbish from hut.

To wash one's dirty linen in  
public.

*Voróna v pavlín'yikh pér'yakh*.  
Ворона в павлиньих перьях.  
Crow in peacock's plumes.

In borrowed  
plumes

*Nyét khúda bez dóbrá*.  
Нет худа без добра.  
No bad without good.



Every cloud has its silver  
lining.

*Nóch'yu vse kóshki séry*.  
Ночью все кошки серы.  
At night all cats grey.

All cats are grey at night.

## VOCABULARY (СЛОВАРЬ)

поздравлять	( <i>pozdravlyát'</i> )	to congratulate
я поздравляю	( <i>ya pozdravlyáyu</i> )	I congratulate
желать	( <i>zhelát'</i> )	to wish
я желаю	( <i>ya zheláyu</i> )	I wish
здоровье	( <i>zdróv'ye</i> )	health
счастье	( <i>schást'ye</i> )	happiness
радость	( <i>rádosť</i> )	joy
день рождения	( <i>den' rozhden'ya</i> )	birthday
я поздравляю с днём рождения		many happy returns
успех	( <i>uspek</i> )	success
праздник	( <i>prázník</i> )	(national) holiday
с	( <i>s</i> )	with (here: on)
брать	( <i>brát'</i> )	to take, to pick up
он берёт	( <i>on beryót</i> )	he picks up
доброе утро	( <i>dóbraye útro</i> )	good morning
новый год	( <i>nóvyy gód</i> )	New Year
чокаться	( <i>chókát'sya</i> )	to clink glasses
пить до дна	( <i>pít' do dna</i> )	to drink to the bottom
вино	( <i>vinó</i> )	wine
фрукты	( <i>frúktí</i> )	fruit
пирог	( <i>pírog</i> )	cake
магазин	( <i>magazín</i> )	shop
купить	( <i>kupít'</i> )	to buy
яблоки	( <i>yáblókí</i> )	apples
хотеть	( <i>khotét'</i> )	to want
(я) хочу купить	( <i>ya khochú kupít'</i> )	I want to buy
один	( <i>odin</i> )	one
платить	( <i>platít'</i> )	to pay
платите деньги	( <i>platíte dén'gi</i> )	pay money
сколько	( <i>skól'ko</i> )	how many, how much
стоит	( <i>stóit'</i> )	to cost
сколько (это) стоит?	( <i>skól'ko éto stóit?</i> )	how much does it cost
пятьдесят	( <i>pyat'desyát</i> )	fifty
копейка	( <i>kopéyka</i> )	a kopeck
пятьдесят копеек	( <i>pyat'desyát kopéyek</i> )	fifty copecks
забыть	( <i>zabít'</i> )	to forget

я забыл купить  
хорошее вино  
грузинское вино  
бутылка вина  
дайте мне (одну) бутылку вина.  
гости  
много гостей  
город  
у нас в городе  
театр  
красивый  
книга  
много  
много книг  
сегодня  
хороший  
хорошо  
сейчас  
спешить

(*ya zablí kupít'*)  
(*khorósheye víno*)  
(*gruzínskoye víno*)  
(*butílka vína*)  
(*butílku vína*)  
(*gosti*)  
(*mnógo gostéi*)  
(*goród*)  
(*u nás v goróde*)  
(*teátr*)  
(*krasívli*)  
(*kníga*)  
(*mnógo*)  
(*mnógo kníg*)  
(*sevodnya*)  
(*khoróshii*)  
(*khoróshó*)  
(*seichás*)  
(*speshít'*)

ты\* спешить  
ты поспешишь  
смеяться  
люди  
ты насмешишь людей

(*ti speshish'*)

если  
то (тогда)  
привычка  
вторая  
нести  
выносить  
изба  
ворона  
перо  
перья  
ночью  
все  
кошка  
кошки  
серый  
кошки (есть) серы

(*yésti*)  
(*to, togdá*)  
(*privíchka*)  
(*vtoráya*)  
(*nesti*)  
(*vynosít'*)  
(*izbá*)  
(*voróna*)  
(*peró*)  
(*pérya*)  
(*nóch' yu*)  
(*vse*)  
(*kóshka*)  
(*kóshki*)  
(*séryi*)  
(*sérf*)

I forgot to buy  
good wine  
Georgian wine  
a bottle of wine  
Give me a bottle of wine  
guests  
many guests  
city  
in our city  
theatre  
beautiful  
book  
many  
many books  
today  
good  
well  
now  
to be in a hurry, to make  
haste

you are in a hurry  
you will make haste  
to make (people) laugh  
people  
you will make people  
laugh

if  
then  
habit, custom  
second  
to carry  
to take (something) out  
peasant home  
crow  
feather  
feathers, plumes  
at night  
all  
cat  
cats  
grey  
cats are grey

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

- ★ The Russian Hamlet: Profile of a famous actor.
- ★ Telepathy and Extra Sensory Perception.
- ★ Who owns Outer Space?
- ★ Hospital of the Future.
- ★ The Science of Names.
- ★ Fifty Years of the Soviet Army.
- ★ Soviet Art Treasures in Full Colour.
- ★ Battle of Stalingrad, as seen by Marshal Rokossovsky.
- ★ The Poetry of Konstantin Simonov.
- ★ Fashions: Cooking; Cartoons; Russian Made Easy.

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\* Ты - is the diminutive form of «you». It is used in conversation with close friends and relatives.